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The Sketch

No. 2145.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCHAND.

A ROYAL IMP OF MISCHIEF.

*PRINCE BAUDOUIN, the three-year-old only son of Leopold III., the new King of the Belgians, and of Queen Astrid, is now Crown Prince. This characteristic photograph of him would seem to indicate an impish, yet princely, personality! When King Leopold III. took the Oath of Accession, Queen Astrid and both her children, Prince Baudouin and Princess Josephine, were present. The Prince was amused by the stately pageantry and whispered questions to his mother. She answered them, and finally lifted him to her knee to quieten him.*

# MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

### FAILINGS.

If you have any failings—and I should not be surprised to hear that you have one or two—don't let them worry you. There is really no necessity. I become more and more impressed by the pride which people take in their shortcomings. There is a process known as making a virtue of necessity. There is also a process, well worth cultivating, of making a strength of one's weaknesses.

There is, for example, a not uncommon type of person who has no ear whatever for music. Have you ever noticed how proud he is of his disability? It was he, of course, who cracked that one about not knowing the difference between Pop Goes the King and God Save the Weasel; and that other one, equally moss-grown, about only knowing when the National Anthem was played by seeing the people stand up. He tells these things with relish; he glows with pride when he assures you that he cannot tell one note from another. The suggestion is that that sort of thing may be all very well for those who like it, but it doesn't amount to a heap of beans anyhow. Lollipops are doubtless suitable for the very young, but for grown men——

And then the breezy, hearty person whose chief butt is the "highbrow." If anybody should utter a sentiment which is not entirely inane; if a book or a play should contain the glimmering of an idea which requires some elementary process of cerebration: such things are dismissed to the limbo of the highbrow, as unfit for anybody of decent instincts. This is the type of person who is never tired of repeating that he "goes to the theatre to be amused." If for a single moment a lump in the throat should take the place of a guffaw, he is heard to observe that there are quite enough depressing things in real life, and he doesn't go to the theatre to get more of them. It is no use pointing out to him that there is an ancient form of art known as tragedy, and that it is not at all depressing, but, on the contrary, extremely exhilarating. All that is highbrow stuff, and because it does not enter into his range of ideas, he is very contemptuous about it. He has another terrible, damning word, even worse than his "highbrow." It is the word "brainy." It suggests the kind of brain which has water on it. It is used with a sort of mock respect, but the implication is of some monstrous deformity of the cranium, not quite nice in the eyes of the best people.

We are not allowed, by a wholesome convention, to be proud of the things we *can* do; and, curiously enough, we have not much temptation in that direction, for we seldom value highly the things which come to us easily. But we can always be proud of the things we *can't* do—and how we do preen ourselves about them! Even when a man tells you that he never touches potatoes or hates oysters or can't look at a boiled egg, there is always a slight undertone of pride. If one can't play golf, one scorns it as a game for dotards; if one can't dance, one sneers at it as an effeminate pastime. There is a positive note of triumph in the voice of the man who tells you that he never reads a line of poetry from one year's end to the other. One particularly trying type of person, when confronted with any idea which does not immediately penetrate to his intelligence, loudly asserts that he is a "practical man," and he would be obliged if everybody would kindly "come down to earth." The thing he loves most of all is brass tacks, and one often feels that it might rouse him to a livelier attention if he sat on a few of them. I remember hearing a young ass explaining that he "simply could not stand" poetry. "Whenever I hear anybody spouting poetry," he said with relish, "it simply goes in at one ear and out at the other." "Indeed?" said one of his hearers. "It must pass through very quickly—there is nothing to stop it."

Then there are people with temperaments. Heavens, how superior they feel themselves to people who have too much dignity to make exhibitions of themselves! There are some temperamental actresses who seem to think that ordinary mortals would not be capable of making ridiculous scenes even if they tried, and even if they had no sense of fitness and restraint. And have we not all suffered from the forgetful, "dreamy," "unconventional" nuisances who can never be punctual or answer letters or take the slightest trouble for anybody else's convenience? By some queer process of thought they seem to believe that bad manners mark them out as superior mortals. One can even be vain about a bad temper. There is a story of an old don, notorious for his wrath with sluggards, who was given a complimentary dinner by some of his old pupils. "Nobody," he said, in replying to the toast of his own health, "nobody knows my limitations better than myself. For instance, I know that my temper is sometimes rather short." Cries of "No! No!" "Yes," persisted the old man, "I am sometimes very impatient." Louder cries of "No, no!" "Don't contradict me, Sir!" cried the old man in a rage. "I tell you I have a very bad temper! Don't attempt to deny it!" Nobody dared to protest further.

It is unnecessary to say that inferiority complex is at the bottom of it all. The fox which scorned the grapes was only making a virtue of its limitations. None of us is proof against the temptation of being proud of our failings. I was moved to make these penetrating observations because I had been looking at some very queer modern drawings. I did not understand them, and I caught myself boasting of not being able to make head or tail of modern art. Of course, I was wrong. At least, I hope I was. I wish I were more certain!

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**"THE SKETCH'S" SPECIAL PRINTS.**

*Just to remind you, we began our very popular silver series of film favourites with studies of the Misses Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford in blue and silver. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Madeleine Carroll, Jessie Matthews, Elisabeth Bergner, and Miriam Hopkins. This week we give a study of Miss Merle Oberon, and next week we shall publish one of*

**MISS JANET GAYNOR.**

*If any of our readers happen to have missed one of these fascinating portraits, they may think it worth while to write to our Publishing Office at 346, Strand, on the chance that a copy of the missing back number may be in stock.*

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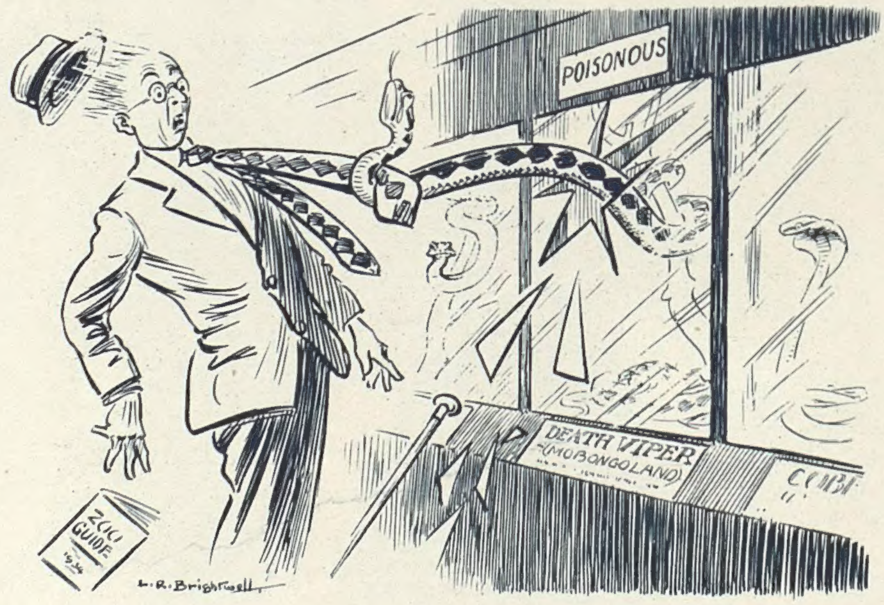



*"ALAS! MY POOR BROTHERS!"—Distressing experience of the smart young man who wore his new snake-skin tie (as shown at the Reptile-Skin Exhibition) when he went to the "Zoo."*

DRAWN BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

# ONE - SIDED CONVERSATION PIECE !

*This study of LADY DELAMERE and the HON. HUGH GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY is definitely a one-sided conversation piece, as Hugh was only born in January and christened last week! Lady Delamere was Miss Phyllis Scott and is the eldest daughter of Lord George Scott. Her baby boy wore a Scott family lace christening-robe for the ceremony at St. Margaret's, Westminster. His sponsors were Lady Burghley, Lady Ann Cole, Sir Delves Broughton, Bt., Captain Anthony Lowther, and Mr. C. W. Hordern. Lord Delamere is the fourth Baron. He and Lady Delamere have two little daughters as well as their infant son and heir.*

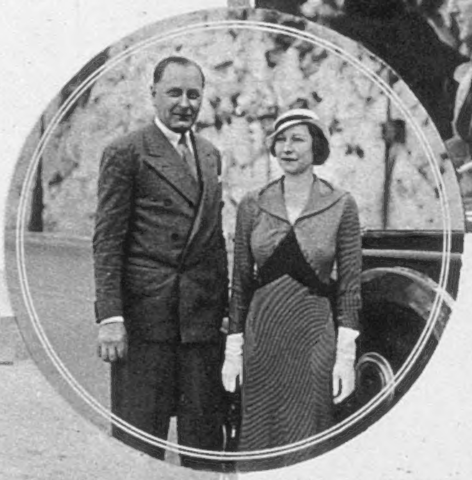
# RIVIERA ASIDES.

By
PAMELA MURRAY.

*THE NEW YORK MIDNIGHT FOLLIES, 1934, are appearing at the International Sporting Club, Monte Carlo, to the delight of all visitors.*

MONTE CARLO'S very full indeed—in case you want to know where the most people are congregated in the smallest space, which sounds like a definition of democracy, whereas it 's the hall-mark of plutocracy. Talking in millions, Mr. Kingsley Macomber's yacht 's in the harbour, and so 's Lord Camrose's, with a bunch of Berrys. The Macomber *Crusader* spends a lot of time in harbours. All summer it sits (or is "floats" the *mot juste* ?) in Trouville's sweetly-scented *basin*, and here it is again high above the lesser fry but far from dry (poetry). Perhaps the owner likes active yachting as much as his wife likes active racing. She always knits through the card—even when their stable, as often happens at Deauville, goes through it.

*This Riviera crowd assembled to watch the Beaulieu lawn-tennis tournament. MRS. JIMMY McALPINE, who is Sir Alfred McAlpine's attractive daughter-in-law, was Miss Peggy Sanders. She is smiling and looking round. Nearer the camera is MRS. R. MENZEL, wife of the Czecho-Slovakian lawn-tennis star.*



*MR. and MRS. KAYE DON at Monte Carlo. He is a famous personality in the "speed" world. His wife, who was Miss Eileen Martin, of Greenwich, Conn., wears a neat blue dress and a white hat.*

*This speed-boat at Monte Carlo had LADY ADARE, MRS. FITZROY CHAPMAN, the HON. MRS. GERALD LOWTHER, and CAPTAIN CULLEN aboard.*

Everyone gets up late. (We feel this sentence has news value.) The bar of the Hôtel de Paris is the inevitable meeting-place between twelve and two—nearer two in most cases. That famous terrace in front of the Casino where our elders used to greet each other in the Good Old Days of Grand Dukes (question: did anyone who wasn't a Grand Duke go to Monte Carlo in the Good Old Days ?) hasn't quite the *chic* we expected. It has air, sunshine, and a divine view (including falling pigeons without an entrance fee), but in this, the bar age, such amenities are insufficient to attract the young. And to-day nobody is old. Enter Vesta Tilley, upright, bright-eyed, and spring-hatted, with Sir Walter de Frece and Mrs. Simon Brand, who has one of the new curly brims, known in French millinery circles as *bretons*.

On stools nearer the refreshments are two Commanders—"Jimmy" Dugdale, Lord Warwick's nice cousin, and Philip de Crespigny, of the hearty laugh. Lady Adare 's talking about the Marathon dancers. These poor, misguided creatures have been dancing for several months, and it 's the fashion to watch them in the early hours of the morning after bacon and eggs at the Knickerbocker—a successful night-club. We can't bring ourselves to visit this sport, so must leave its gruesome implications to your vivid imaginations. Probably Hemingway has described it with that masterly touch he brought to bull-fighting in "Death in the Afternoon." Others sipping are Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wall and their chow, Mr. and Mrs. Kaye Don, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford, and Lady Carnarvon with Sidney Beer. The Berry Walls are perhaps the most popular elderly Paris-Americans extant, his high collars and her hard work for the *Phare de France* (equivalent to St. Dunstan's) being universally admired. Kaye Don lives near Brooklands, and if you ask "What for ?" go to the bottom of the class. Marion Crawford's father wrote all those novels (in plum covers in the school library) about sun-soaked Italy; and Lady Carnarvon—what shall we say about her ? She 's pretty, has a happy mouth, and a great many friends. Women always say "I adore Catherine," which, according to the book of rules, is "a very good sign."

Out of the window—you need never move from the Paris bar—we see Lady Furness waiting in a Rolls for Lord Furness. They 're going up to Mont-Agel for golf. This also applies to Sir Victor Stanley (now on his way to India) and Lady Prescott. Both Ladies Furness and Prescott dress admirably, the latter in a sporting style, the former with grace and that newly-revived quality—elegance. She 's tall and a beautiful mover, and must have as many changes of costume as Queen Elizabeth. (No; Charles Laughton, who was here, is NOT going to play the Virgin Queen.) We particularly admire a deep blue woollen dress with touches of cherry colour, and an evening velvet with fur sleeves. Lady Furness's children are also at Monte Carlo, both exceptionally handsome, the boy more classically so than the girl, which is always the way. Otherwise children are rarities in this haunt of gamblers, though Sir Hector McNeil has two in attendance, and the King of Siam his schoolboy son.

Lucky gamblers include Mrs. Richard Ford, who made the Blue Train considerably "up," although she ran into the "Kitchen" on her way to the station and parted with a *mille*. I haven't seen much mountainous play, though the Greek Syndicate are patiently operating, and many tables crowded. Two of the smartest, night and day, are Mrs. Archie Campbell, who dresses delightfully without ever looking freakish, and Lady Lindsay-Hogg. Both "Dotty" and "Bunny" are guests of Mr. Reginald Purbrick at the Molyneux villa. He 's justly proud of his house-party, which also includes Miss Elizabeth Jenns, a former beauty among Mr. Cochran's "Young Ladies," and now débuting in "straight." "Pops" Purbrick has been photographing his guests with an immense

press camera slung round his neck. Certainly the Molyneux garden makes an exquisite " set," with its irregular terraces, pool, and inevitable azure view.

Also in the Sporting, or the bar beyond, we note Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, K.C.; Mrs. Ysa Mathieson, of the witty nose and the witty conversation (note: some noses are deceiving and do not lead to repartee); Mrs. Stanton, who has a flat here; ditto Miss Doris Percy-Chapman, who also has a French bulldog; Grace, Lady Newborough; the pretty, wide-eyed Lady Mappin, who 's quite our leading " beaut," with Mrs. John Taylor, another good-looker. Both are staying with Mrs. Taylor's family—the Grant Richardses. The woman with the best jewels, including some emeralds in modernistic setting, is Mrs. Louis Beaumont, whose villa 's a centre of gay life at Cap d'Antibes—and we wouldn't mind her minks, either. The tallest players are Mrs. Mitchell-Henry, of racing fame, and Mme. Louis van der Heyden-Hauzeur (got all that ?),

*MISS DORIS PERCY-CHAPMAN is one of the most popular of Monte Carlo residents. She was snapped with her French bulldog and her two-seater car outside the Hôtel de Paris. She is a Sporting Club " regular."*

*MRS. GILBERT MILLER is posed on the balcony of her room at Monte Carlo in a dark brown travelling suit of ribbed woollen material. She sailed recently from the Riviera for New York to visit her father, Mr. Jules Bache. Her husband is the well-known play-presenter.*

who 's Lady (Gomer) Berry's sister. She 's quite as tall as a Lygon, and not afraid to stand up straight. Her husband 's considered one of the crack shots at the *Tir aux Pigeons*, but, with due deference to him, it 's nearly impossible not to kill every time.

*MRS. PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE, the well-known lawn-tennis player, is all ready to step on to the court. She wears white cotton corduroy shorts and a knitted blouse.*

Monte Carlo 's become so girl-conscious since " Fefi " Ferry (*chef d'animation*) and the so justly popular " Bobby " Nothman started collecting a most fascinating " set " of Midnight Follies in New York, that we automatically arrange to dine in the Sporting Club and see the Show. It 's a good Show. In fact, a very good Show. There 's no comedy whatever, and, owing to acoustics and cruet-rattling by irrepressible Italian waiters, " *Les* Girl Friends " who sing never get a hearing. But for beautiful colouring, beautiful dancing, and beautiful settings (by Don, of Paris), even Cochran would find it hard to beat the ensembles, especially " Pink Wedding," which is so sweetly, adorably, innocently sentimental (in spite of acres of legs) that all the ex-brides in the audience weep salt tears into their smoked salmon—emotional cancellation.

Barbara Newberry (we remember seeing her in a party in London with Lord Brecknock, etc.) is everything a leading musical-comedy dancer should be; but Vivian Fay, the seventeen-year-old ballerina, delights not only the eye, but the soul. More tears—of gratification this time—and into the Chicken Maryland. I prophesy that Vi Fay may become a name to conjure with, a name like Leonora Hughes and even Lopokova. This child 's in a class by herself, almost wasted in a girl show—yet quality 's never wasted, and she seems to dance with self-intoxicated delight. While on our points we must congratulate Lord Suffolk and Mimi Crawford on becoming engaged to one another. You remember her in " The Dubarry," subsidiary to the unforgettable Ahlers.

At Beaulieu the tennis tournament 's been packed every afternoon, the Bristol overflowing for lunch, and royalty much in evidence. " Mr. G.," King of Sweden, partnered Joan Ridley in the Handicap Mixed Doubles, and one of the most amusing games was their match against Sir Alfred McAlpine and Miss Yorke. Sir Alfred's charming daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jimmy McAlpine, has about the best spectator face. Others in the audience were Lady (John) Ward, over from her villa; Lady Towle, knitting her hundred and thirty-second tiny garment for the Personal Service League, with one eye on Brugnon—who 's playing better doubles than ever, although Tilden wrote some years ago that " Toto's " game 's on the wane, or words to that effect—and Lord Iliffe. Jack Lysaght, Lord Charles Hope, Joan Ingram, Miss Ryan, and " Bunny " Austin were competitors, Austin engaging in long conversations with the King of Siam, a great admirer of his game.

Nice was extra animated during the *Letitia's* visit to Villefranche, as most passengers went ashore, some to see the wonderful exhibition of English pictures at the Musée Masséna, others to see the best cabaret on the Riviera, which happens at tea-time in the Hotel Ruhl. (Don't say we fail to sleuth things out!) Lord and Lady Louth, Lady Erroll, and Lord Dunedin — who made a statesmanlike speech of thanks to the Mayor, M. Medecin, for showing us round—were at the museum, and the Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, whose title 's almost as musical as that of the Captain of Dunstaffnage—also on holiday and at Nice. We have not seen " Angus," so cannot report whether he 's wearing the kilt. We do not know if we should recognise him otherwise attired. There were several kilts at the Highland dance on the *Letitia*, and pipers and haggis, and a lot of Franco-Scottish fellowship, which always flowers at the expense of " perfidious Albion " or the " Auld Enemy," according to whether you learnt history in Paris or Edinburgh. Others have made it by three successive *en pleins* in Monaco. Here 's hoping!

*A very successful FEATHER FAN number is on the programme of the NEW YORK MIDNIGHT FOLLIES, 1934, at the International Sporting Club, Monte Carlo.*

# AT COTTENHAM FOR THE CAMBRIDGE 'CHASES.

*MISS DALTON WHITE is in conversation with MR. GOSLING.*

*MR. KENNETH URQUHART, the well-known amateur rider, and his wife, formerly Miss Ruby Nevill.*

*MISS MACARDY, MISS J. MACARDY, MR. BEATTY, and MR. S. NATANSON are seen from left to right.*

*(Right) MISS VALERIE NEVILL, MISS GRETA TURNBULL, and MR. G. DIXON are discussing the sport.*

*MR. JOHN FREEMAN, MISS ROSEMARY GLYN, and MISS DOROTHY NORTH are walking in the paddock.*

*LADY ELIZABETH HARE, younger daughter of the late Earl of Listowel, was present. She is with MR. MICHAEL VEREY.*

*(Right) The CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY STEEPLECHASES were held at Cottenham in rather chilly weather. LADY JANET MONTGOMERIE (right), who is engaged to Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart, was snapped with MR. and MRS. EDEN.*

*MR. BLUNT, MISS VAN DE PUTTE and her spaniel, and MR. P. G. THYNNE were all at Cottenham.*

# AT SOMERTON
# FOR THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY GRIND.

The OXFORD UNIVERSITY POINT-TO-POINT races were held at Somerton. Our group of spectators consists of MRS. A. WALLACE, MISS RUTH GARRARD, MISS MARY COLLINS, MRS. GEORGE BARKER, MRS. GRAHAM, MISS PAMELA GARRARD, and CAPTAIN LYON.

The HON. JEAN ELPHINSTONE, second daughter of Lord Elphinstone; MISS BURNETT, and MR. ELPHINSTONE were concentrating on their race-cards when photographed.

MRS. MARGESSON, the HON. HAMISH ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE, and the COUNTESS OF WARWICK came together. Lady Warwick was Miss Rose Bingham.

LADY MARY DUNN, formerly Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, is an enthusiastic racegoer. Her checked coat and skirt was smart and striking. She and Mr. Hamish Erskine are Lord Rosslyn's younger daughter and son. Lady Warwick is his granddaughter.

MISS MYRA and MISS EVELYN MANNINGHAM-BULLER were both well wrapped up against the chilly weather.

# CAMBRIDGE DANCES AFTER CAMBRIDGE HAS RACED.

MR. S. JOHNSTON, MRS. WARNER, MR. JOHN TRUSTED, MISS URSULA LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, and MRS. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH all lined up to face the camera at the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY HUNTS BALL at Cambridge after the races.

MR. EUSTACE HILL and MISS DIANA MILLS were guests at the dance. Miss Mills had a lace bag to match her dress.

MR. and MRS. KENNETH URQUHART and MR. PERCY ILLINGWORTH sat on the stairs. Mr. Urquhart is the well-known amateur rider. He and Mrs. Urquhart are shown at the races on another page.

LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY is the third Baron. He was born in 1912 and succeeded in 1919. He is here talking to MISS DOROTHY NORTH.

Our supper-table group includes the hostess, MRS. H. C. MORRIS (at the head of the table), MR. DU BOULAY, MR. M. STRUTT, MISS ROSEMARY GLYN, MISS PEGGY LEMERT, MR. MICKEY MORRIS, MISS C. BUXTON, and MR. GUY NIXON.

MISS NINA SEELY, MR. CHAMBERLAYNE, MISS THORP, MISS FENWICK, MR. RONALD NORTH, MR. JOHN RUSSELL, and MISS LONGMAN are the "component parts" of this between-dances group. Photographs of the Steeplechase Meeting appear on another page.

## "THE SKETCH" REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

*The fourth of our special Reviews of the Week, which offer a pictorial commentary on the happenings of the last seven days, touches lightly on sport, fashion, politics, health and wealth—all very important preoccupations of the human race—and shows what 's been doing in the great world of late.*

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

# THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

## No. VI.—CONSTANT LAMBERT.

*With this series, "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moment of the lives of some distinguished persons. MR. CONSTANT LAMBERT, the brilliant composer, conductor, and critic, is the sixth to go into the "confessional."*

TO-DAY, Constant Lambert knows that it is completely fatal to attempt to cash a Letter of Credit in a provincial Spanish bank when one is in a hurry. But last year, when he was on holiday in Spain, he did not know this vital fact, which gave rise to a series of calamities which caused him to do a thing he had rarely done before, or has ever done since—to burst into tears.

The basic idea was to travel from Bilbao to Burgos. But travel costs money, and as Bilbao had not been particularly cheap, Constant Lambert decided to "step round to the bank for a second" and cash a portion of his Letter of Credit.

But, alas for his hopes! One clerk took the cheque and handed it to another to look at. A third scratched his head over it, a fourth allowed himself, after considerable discussion, to be persuaded to stamp it, a fifth passed it to the sixth, who also scratched his head; and so the "second" became three-quarters of an hour.

But at length Constant Lambert found himself leaving the bank with great, but justifiable pride, and with the money in his pocket. On the other hand, there was only just enough time, if everything went smoothly, to catch the train. But he had reckoned without the demon who had suddenly decided to manage his fate for him.

For a start, the porter ushered the Lamberts into a private car which was waiting in front of the hotel. Constant Lambert, as he stepped into it, had a feeling that something was wrong. The car was decorated all over with white ribbons and flowers; why should an ordinary taxi be so begarlanded? But hardly had the door shut than a violent commotion began on the steps of the hotel.

A newly-married couple were arguing with the porter. He had put Constant Lambert and his wife into the "newly-weds'" car. The situation passed over eventually and ended with flowery-phrased compliments on both sides. But flowery phrases waste time, and by the time he had had the luggage changed over to a taxi, had driven to the station and bought the tickets, Constant Lambert was just in time to see his train leaving the station.

Constant Lambert's reactions to such a calamity were not as violent as might be supposed, especially as, on consulting a time-table, he found that there was another train to Burgos half an hour later. True, it was not an express, but what of that?

There was a curious quality in the smile on the ticket-collector's face as he clipped Constant Lambert's tickets.

"Señor is taking *this* train?"

Yes, Señor was taking this train; why on earth shouldn't he? There seemed nothing wrong with it. As it started, a little jerkily perhaps, Constant Lambert settled himself comfortably in his corner.

"Now, at last, I 've got time to put the money and the tickets away," he said to his wife. He made a point of always carrying most of his money, railway tickets, passports and other such important items, in a small attaché case, which he carried everywhere with him.

*MR. CONSTANT LAMBERT, one of the best-known personalities in the musical world, is the sixth to disclose his secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He is a son of the late Mr. G. W. Lambert, A.R.A., and brother to Mr. Maurice Lambert, the sculptor. At the age of twenty he was commissioned by the late Serge Diaghileff to write a ballet for the Russian dancers. His best-known work is the "Rio Grande" for chorus, pianoforte, and orchestra. He is official conductor to the Camargo Society and to the Vic-Wells Ballet. In addition to his musical achievements, he is a well-known critic and has for some years contributed regularly to various English newspapers and to the French newspaper "Figaro."*

But he had under-estimated the amount of time at his disposal, for the train was demonstrating what a Spanish slow train at its worst can do. It stopped at every station, at every village halt, and generally in between as well. It rumbled along with infuriating smugness at a speed that never exceeded twenty miles an hour. Constant Lambert became fidgety. At this rate it would take hours to get to Burgos, and what was worse, although it was lunch-time, there was no restaurant car on the train.

An hour or two later the train clanked casually into Miranda. Compared to the other insignificant stations they had passed through, Miranda contrived to look quite imposing, and from the tired hiss that came from the engine it seemed as if the train was going to remain there for some time.

Constant Lambert and his wife were famished, and decided to risk a meal at the station buffet. By dexterous use of a Spanish phrase-book, they learned that the train to Burgos was not leaving for half an hour, so there was no need to move the luggage. But they took the precious attaché case with them.

But hardly had they commenced their meal when, to their horror, they saw their train start with its now familiar jerk. They rushed out on to the platform and tried to board the moving train, but were prevented from doing so by the railway officials. They were shocked to see a lady pick up her skirts and run like a boy and even attempt to jump on to the high running-board of the train. No respectable Spanish lady ever did that sort of thing, they admonished.

So, for the second time that day, Constant Lambert saw his train disappear out of his sight. This time his luggage was going with it.

He thought frantically—something would have to be done quickly. . . . When was the next train to Burgos? . . . In a few minutes—but—the train Señor had missed was going to Saragossa—but—Señor ought to have changed here. . . . Oh, damn! When was the next train to Saragossa?—to-morrow morning—Hell!

A car was the only solution; a fast car to overtake the train. Was there a car for hire in Miranda? The station-master looked puzzled—he could speak no English, he could not understand Señor. . . . Could anyone speak English in this benighted town? . . . Oh, yes, Pedro could.

"Pedro" was the only person in Miranda who spoke English, but he had the added distinction of being the village idiot; consequently a quantity of precious time was lost before Mr. and Mrs. Lambert drove out of Miranda, sitting in the back of a prehistoric Ford, driven by a blasé Spaniard. The drive was a good imitation of the motor chases in the early Mack Sennet film-comedies. The crazy Ford swayed and rocked, flinging its occupants from side to side. The driver, though the car was capable of little over thirty miles an hour, managed to be appallingly reckless.

At one time the road and the railway line were very close, though separated by a river. Here, by a splendid spurt the Ford managed to overtake the train, the driver of which, entering into the spirit of the thing, increased his speed and overtook them in turn.

However, the train had still to stop at every station, and the car managed to get ahead sufficiently, and Constant Lambert and his wife stepped out of it at Logrono, just as the train arrived.

The station staff consisted of one man, who combined the duties of station-master, porter, signalman, and ticket-collector. He was an ambitious man, and longed for promotion. Consequently, he viewed the Lamberts and their insane vehicle with great distrust. He barred Constant Lambert's way as he tried to board the train. . . . And where was Señor's ticket? In the carriage?—indeed. He would come himself with Señor and see.

Constant Lambert found his compartment. The luggage was still there—but—he felt a little faint. *He had left the attaché case containing his money and the tickets at Miranda.*

It was then that Constant Lambert burst into tears.

CYRIL BUTCHER.

# MRS. CONSTANT LAMBERT GOES KATHARINE HEPBURN.

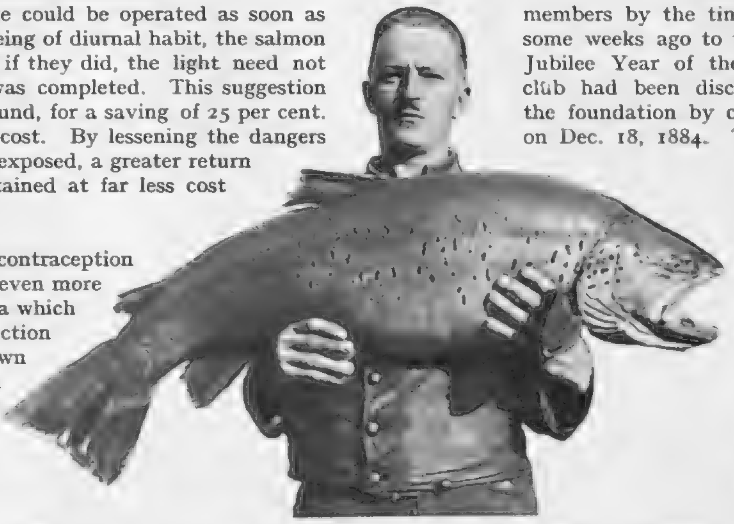
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHONY.

*MRS. CONSTANT LAMBERT, the exotic-looking wife of Mr. Constant Lambert, the brilliant composer and conductor, has taken to modelling her coiffure and style of dressing on Katharine Hepburn, the screen star. These photographs show how successful the experiment has proved. Mrs. Lambert was Miss Florence Kaye, a screen actress, before her marriage to Mr. Lambert in 1931. Her husband is the subject of the sixth article in our "Worst Moment of My Life" series, published on page 410.*

# "WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

**Light-Barrage to Protect Salmon Spawning-Beds.** Some day we may see the spawning-beds on some of our salmon rivers lighted by electric-light bulbs or neon tubes. The suggestion has been put forward quite seriously by Mr. J. Berry, M.A., in his annual report of the Avon Biological Research. The lights are not intended for the convenience of poachers, but to deter ova-destroying fish, such as the miller's thumb, loach, and eel, from raiding the spawning-beds. The eel has not such a strong antipathy to lights of certain colours as the miller's thumb and loach, but it may prove possible to keep them in check. Mr. Berry states that where electric current is available within reasonable distance, a protective light-barrage could be operated as soon as the salmon started spawning. Being of diurnal habit, the salmon might not object to the light, but if they did, the light need not be put on until the spawning was completed. This suggestion is not so fantastic as it may sound, for a saving of 25 per cent. of the ova would well repay the cost. By lessening the dangers to which ova, fry, and smolts are exposed, a greater return of adult fish might well be obtained at far less cost than by artificial hatching.

**Birth Control for Fish.** Ichthyological contraception is another and even more astonishing idea which Mr. Berry has conceived in connection with the problem of keeping down the numbers of coarse fish in salmon and trout waters. If his idea proves feasible, there will be no need to resort to the present unsatisfactory expedients — snaring, netting, shooting, etc.—on which owners must rely in their constant warfare with coarse fish which decimate the progeny of game fish. In his report, Mr. Berry says: " . . . The thought suggests itself that should the physiologist be able, with the wonders of modern biochemical science at his command, to produce a substance specifically sterilent in dilate aqueous solution to the spermatozoa of fish, while non-toxic to essential food organisms, the control of coarse fish in a trout water would, for example, become a matter of comparative simplicity through the practice of a form of ichthyological contraception!" This annual report of the Avon Research Board runs to over forty pages, with illustrations and a map. It is of the greatest value and interest to anglers, particularly those who fish the Avon. The price is only 2s., and copies may be obtained from the University, Southampton.



*This is a perfectly veracious photograph of ONE OF THE LARGEST TROUT ON RECORD. The monster was netted on July 22, 1931, in the Lunzer See, Lower Austria, and weighed 44 lb. after having been kept alive for eleven days. The length of this remarkable trout was 46 in.*

**Higher Fishing Sport.** From Jan. 27 to Feb. 4, 1934, the greatest exhibition of agriculture and pisciculture in Germany—referred to as "*Gruene Woche*," or "Green Week"—was held in Berlin. A correspondent there sent me a striking description of the angling section of the exhibition. To quote his own words: "The centre of the room was filled out by a group of tunny-catch in the Mediterranean. Very fine and instructing the picture of the fighting giant fish, of the hard-stretched but calm fisherman, of the rounded rod with the Pflueger-reel and the bait on the wire tackle. Many people was standing around more or less understanding the sense and the strong beauty of the life-size group. Really, this was a well advertising for higher fishing sport."

This vision of the higher fishing sport is a triumph of the art of advertising, without a doubt. I have never heard of any tunny being caught on rod in the Mediterranean, but I would not care to say that none have been caught there by calm fishermen with rounded rods.

**"The Book of the Fly-Fishers' Club."** To the kindness of Major W. H. Saffery, Secretary of the Fly-Fishers' Club, I am indebted for the privilege of seeing an early copy of "The Book of the Fly-Fishers' Club," which will have been issued to members by the time these notes appear in print. I referred some weeks ago to the preparation of this volume to mark the Jubilee Year of the club's history. The idea of starting the club had been discussed for some years before my father laid the foundation by calling a meeting at No. 10, Adelphi Terrace, on Dec. 18, 1884. The records show that in the first year he proposed over one hundred new members. For over forty years he acted as Hon. Treasurer, and was President in 1897 and again in 1910.

At the outset, the club shared premises with another club largely composed of musical men. Mr. Hedley F. Norris, an original member of the Fly-Fishers' Club and present President, recollects that the members of the two clubs did not seem quite "to hit it off" with each other. One of the musicians was overheard stating that he had left the smoking-room "to get away from a lot of fellows whose only occupation seems to be swapping lies of a most unbelievable nature." Mr. Norris adds: "It was not that they disliked us, but simply that we bored them."

He is too polite to say that the feeling was reciprocated, but it is fairly evident, as the club soon moved to new quarters in Arundel Street. Twelve years later another move was made to No. 8, Haymarket, which remained the club's head-quarters until 1907, when the present premises at No. 36, Piccadilly were acquired. Right opposite is the Church of St. James, where Charles Cotton, who contributed the supplement on trout and grayling fishing to the 5th edition of "The Compleat Angler," is buried. "The Book of the Fly-Fishers' Club" has been handsomely produced, and is an exceedingly interesting record of a club that is unique in many respects.

## I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane is now letting rods on the Ballynahinch Fishery, owned previously by the late Maharajah Jam Sahib of Nawanagar — Prince Ranjitsinhji. Applications should be made to Sir William's agent at Cloonacarten, Recess, Connemara.

Seven pike from 4½ lb. to 16 lb. were caught in the Hampshire Avon, near Ringwood, by the President of the Radcot Angling Society, Mr. A. Clifford Dornford, who informs me that he lost a much larger fish.

The British Field Sports Society, which has just issued a useful map showing fishing stations in Scotland, hopes to bring out a similar map for England and Wales.

R. L. MARSTON.

*The Loch Ness Monster's little hour of glory is over in Great Britain (even the B.I.F. merely revived him momentarily) — but he has been enjoying an extended burst of publicity on the Continent, for one of the numbers at the Parisian Cirque d'Hiver (which now has a huge circular tank, or piscine, for the staging of water spectacles) includes A FISHING EXPEDITION FOR THE LOCH NESS MONSTER by those famous clowns, the Fratellini Trio! The water in which they are casting contains some fine Polar bears, as a consolation for the absence of the famous amphibian.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

## MISS PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD;
## for Heading the Society Invasion of the Screen.

*Society women began to invade the stage some time ago. Until now, however, no attempt has been made to get a footing in the film world. MISS PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD, elder daughter of Mrs. Dudley Ward, is, therefore, a pioneer. She is an ex-débutante, beautiful, accomplished and popular in society. As the result of film tests which she came through with flying colours, she is to play opposite Emil Jannings in a new picture which British and Continental Film Productions is to start making at the British International Studios in April.*

# FLYING BOXERS:

## THE R.A.F. INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

*Fred May attended the ROYAL AIR FORCE BOXING ASSOCIATION INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS at the School of Physical Training, R.A.F. Depot, Uxbridge. SQUADRON-LEADER PETTINGELL is the energetic Secretary, and is this year's Hon. Secretary of the Inter-Services Boxing Association. AIR VICE-MARSHAL MACEWEN, C.M.G., D.S.O., is the Officer Commanding at Halton. WING-COMMANDER F. SHERRIFF, M.C., was Middleweight Champion of Ireland in 1912, and of R.A.F. (officers) in 1922. He is O.C. P.T. School, Uxbridge. AIR VICE-MARSHAL BOWHILL, C.M.G., D.S.O., is Air Officer Commanding the Fighting Area, R.A.F., Uxbridge. AIR MARSHAL SIR ROBERT BROOKE-POPHAM, K.C.B., D.S.O., is Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Air Defence of Great-Britain. The winners of these fights will represent the R.A.F. against the Army and Navy later in the year.*

# AN "ELWES FAMILY" COMPANY IN "TO SEE OURSELVES."

1. Miss E. M. Delafield's play, "TO SEE OURSELVES," was given at the Rudolf Steiner Hall in the cause of charity by a company of amateurs which included two of Lady Winifred Elwes' sons and their respective wives. This photograph shows Owen (MR. RICHARD ELWES), Freddie (MR. RUDOLPH ELWES), receiving news of the strike at the works; Emma (COUNTESS VERA ZANUCCHI POMPEI), Caroline (MRS. RUDOLPH ELWES), and Jill (MRS. RICHARD ELWES).

2. This is a dramatic moment, when Freddie (MR. RUDOLPH ELWES; centre) is refusing to allow Caroline (MRS. RUDOLPH ELWES) to help over the strike. The other characters are Owen (MR. RICHARD ELWES) and Jill (MRS. RICHARD ELWES).

3. CAPTAIN and MRS. RUDOLPH ELWES, who played the parts of Freddie and Caroline, are shown in a bedroom scene from the piece.

Here Owen (MR. RICHARD ELWES) is in a love scene with Caroline (MRS. RUDOLPH ELWES).

Here Jill (MRS. RICHARD ELWES) and Owen (MR. RICHARD ELWES) are shown in the scene in which they decide to get married.

# WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

*PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF AND HIS WIFE, PRINCESS IRINA, became exceedingly prominent in the news with the hearing of the "Rasputin" film libel case. The Prince is a representative of a historic family. His great-grandfather, Felix Elston, married a member of the ancient house of Soumarokoff and was authorised to bear his wife's name and title as Count Soumarokoff-Elston. His son, Felix, married Princess Zinaida Youssoupoff, and was declared heir to the name and titles of his father-in-law, Prince Nicholas Youssoupoff. Princess Irina, plaintiff in the case, and niece and second cousin of the late Tsar of Russia, was married in 1914.*

*H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE danced at the Caledonian Ball in Cape Town. He is here partnering Mrs. Sheffield, the wife of Mr. E. C. R. Sheffield. Her first husband was the late Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston, the famous airman.*

*H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE is chatting to MRS. PIET VAN DER BYL, a member of a well-known South African family, at the civic reception, Cape Town.*

DRESSES are getting tighter and tighter. It makes life hard for a girl when she 's forbidden to think of the comfort of even a gossamer silk vest under her dance frocks. And a dress-maker's command *has* to be obeyed—unlike a parent's request!

. . . . . . .

Rebels who feel that they 'd like room to sit down in their evening dresses must have been comforted by the excellent effect of Lady Cory's voluminous Victorian-style dress of heavy striped taffetas. It looked lovely when she received the guests who came to her concert to hear Kreisler play. The shoulder *décolletage* "drooped," and so did her perfectly marvellous diamond necklace. The design was like fern leaves laid flat and fitting into each other—or less romantically, suggested fish-bones.

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Lady Cory is famous for her collection of Queen Victoria relics, her Victorian jewellery, and her wonderful musical parties. Also for the big gilt "lake" surrounded by golden swans which adorns her dinner table on state occasions. As I arrived for the concert, the golden lake was being carried away by a few of the menservants, as there was a biggish dinner before the reception.

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Kreisler is a very old friend of Lady Cory, and is always at his best in her house. He is also most generous with encores there. After his varied programme, which included Handel, Gluck, Couperin, Poldini, and De Falla-Kreisler, he played four encores, ending with the "Londonderry Air." Lady Cory herself chose the first, but after that she just nodded, smiled, and said "Play what you like."

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"My, with those head-dresses on, they *all* look like Duchesses!" was the flattering estimate of the guests made by the young wife of an American diplomat. The people were certainly very grand, and, though some of the haloes were definitely dressmakers' jewels, a good proportion of heirloom ornaments were visible, including Lady Ilchester's famous black pearls.

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Countess Ahlefeldt Laurvig, who came with the Danish Minister and their daughter, Countess Ingegerg Ahlefeldt, was the tallest woman present. Sir John Reith the tallest man. I saw him being escorted into the morning room to have a word with Kreisler after the concert, and observed that he made Lord Allenby look merely life-size.

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Our English habit of putting depression down to the fog, and explaining gaiety away as a result of the dry weather or the sharp frost, made it a heavenly change to enter the charmed territory where the "Compagnie des Quinze" create a poignant, emotional atmosphere without any reference to the weather or assistance from representational scenery—in other words, to attend the first night of André Obey's "Don Juan," at the Globe!

The old legend is presented in an exquisite way; the voices of the company are combined like instruments in an orchestra; and the grouping achieves a rhythm that charms the eye and inspires the imagination. Everyone felt the enchantment, and "everyone," on the first night, was a representative crowd. Artists, like Mr. Edward Wolfe; leaders of the *chic* Intelligentsia, such as Baroness d'Erlanger; theatrical stars, including Miss Cathleen Nesbitt; and members of the smart, dance-going young circle, such as Lady Mary Lygon, were all present and seemed all equally impressed.

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The publication of one's first novel is a very good reason for a cocktail-party. It was to celebrate the appearance of "Harriet Meadows—Actress" that Kitty Shannon invited her friends to Walton House last week. In private life she is Mrs. Keigwin, popular hostess and proud mother of an ex-Etonian and a small, golden-haired daughter. She has inherited a talent for painting from her father, the late J. J. Shannon, the R.A., so her book has the additional individual touch of a cover designed by the author. It depicts several pretty girls, a poodle, a Siamese cat, and a landscape. "Harriet Meadows—Actress" is Mrs. Keigwin's first novel, but not her first book, for last year she had a volume of reminiscences published.

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On March 20 we shall all go to the Queen's Hall, for Fernando Autori, caricaturist and operatic star, is giving a

*The 4/5th ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS' BALL took place in Western House, Ayr. Our group includes COLONEL M. B. BUCHANAN, the C.O. (centre front), MISS R. DUNLOP, COLONEL C. HAMILTON, MAJOR T. D. LAWRIE, MAJOR OATTS, MAJOR and MRS. KENNEDY, and MRS. BOYD.*

concert that night with Lorraine La Fosse. Autori's programme includes songs from Verdi's "Don Carlos," the opera which closed the season at Covent Garden last year. He has a tremendously dramatic rôle in this particular opera, and, as he acts convincingly—a rare accomplishment in a singer—he 's seen to great advantage in it. He is also giving Mozart, Strauss, Tosti, Gounod, and Nicolaio numbers at the concert.

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The New Politeness makes the days following a dance almost exhausting for hostesses. It is now the mode for every boy and girl to write a letter of thanks after being entertained at a dinner or ball. A charming custom, but surprising to those who do not realise how generally it has been adopted! A recent dance-giving hostess has not yet recovered from shock induced by the number of letters she received on the two days after her dance! Will postmen require Dance Boxes in addition to Christmas Boxes in the near future? The possibility, though frightening, is not so very remote!

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The exhibition of "Children Throughout the Ages" ought to appeal to even the most *blasé*, for it will combine artistic, historical, and sentimental interest in equal parts—an irresistible mixture! Lady Honor Channon made her début as an "in-aid-of" hostess with a party to discuss plans last week. They are well advanced, though private-view day, with the Duchess of York as the first visitor, is not till April 19. I am looking forward to seeing the Holbein portrait of Queen Elizabeth as a baby of two.

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The toys include a royal collection, personally chosen and lent by the Queen. There are dolls' china tea and table-glass sets, the Queen's own dolls, and other playthings of the Princes. Things are well looked after in Palace nurseries, for dolls and other gifts from Queen Victoria to her grandchildren are in perfect condition.

. . . .

Lord Derby's bluff, "good-fellow vein" always goes with a swing. He got a great reception when he followed the lyrical outbursts of the other speakers at the British Industries Dinner Ball with some confidential chunks of common sense. For instance, though not insensible to the beauties of Nature and the Glories of the Empire, he assured us that nothing in this world would drag him from his bed to see sunrise over the Himalayas at Darjeeling or wherever it was!

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The Pageant—though fairly lengthy—was the best I 've seen for some time. Full of incident, too, what with My Lady's Bath Tableau, after Leighton; and the very Naturalistic Coal Mining group. The lightest-clad lady had a bath-towel added to her outfit in the procession, and the coal-miners were allowed a quick wash before taking part in the dancing. Real coal-dust was provided as well as real miners' implements and outfits, and a real beauty in the person of Lady Mary Lygon as the Bow Figure of "Miranda."

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The two "visitors" to the National Gallery—Manet's famous "Bar aux Folies-Bergère," and Cézanne's "Montagne Sainte-Victoire"—had a private at-home day last week, before welcoming ordinary callers, who will, I hope, stream in to pay their respects to these two masterpieces of nineteenth-century art which have joined the Watteaus, Fragonards, and Bouchers in Trafalgar Square, for a visit of an indefinite period, arranged by the new young National Gallery Director, Mr. Kenneth Clark.

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The private reception was well attended. You can probably get two of the visitors' names in one guess, for have you ever known Lady Colefax or Lady Bonham Carter to miss an artistic occasion? Their husbands came too, this time. Lord and Lady Berwick were other early afternoon callers; Sir Timothy Eden, brother of the Lord Privy Seal, came with Lady Eden; and Mr. and Mrs. Eumorfopoulos, famous for their marvellous collection of Chinese ceramics, bronzes, and jades, were also there.

MARIEGOLD.

*MISS VICTORIA HOPPER, the young actress who has risen to fame in a year, is to play the heroine in "Three Sisters," the new Drury Lane musical comedy. She sang Gretel in the Cambridge Theatre "Hansel and Gretel" and was the Tessa for the picture version of "The Constant Nymph."*

*MISS BARBARA FRAMPTON, only daughter of the late Captain W. J. G. S. Frampton, of Newton Hall, Clitheroe, and Mrs. Campbell Chads, is engaged to the HON. EDWARD MANSEL CHILD VILLIERS, second son of the late Earl of Jersey and of Lady Cynthia Slessor.*

*The marriage of the HON. MAGDALEN FRASER, daughter of the late Lord Lovat and sister of the present holder of the title, to the EARL OF ELDON is fixed to take place at the Oratory, Brompton Road, on April 10.*

*The infant daughter of VISCOUNT and VISCOUNTESS TARBAT was christened recently and received the names of Sibell Ann Julia. Our group shows (l. to r.; in front) the COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE (mother of Lord Tarbat), LADY TARBAT (formerly Miss Dorothy Downing), VISCOUNT TARBAT, MISS HELEN DOWNING (sister of Lady Tarbat), and COLONEL BLUNT-MACKENZIE. Those behind include CANON CAMERON, who officiated at the christening, MRS. CAMERON and MISS PAMELA OLIVER. Miss Oliver is engaged to the Hon. Walter Blunt-Mackenzie.*

*LA COMPAGNIE DES QUINZE are giving André Obey's "DON JUAN" during their two-weeks' season at the Globe. This group shows Don Juan (ANDRÉ FRESNAY), with MLLE. LICETTE LIMOZIN, MLLE. MARIE MADELEINE GAUTIER, MLLE. MADELEINE GEOFFROY, MLLE. SYLVIA BATAILLE, and MLLE. MARTHE HERLIN. The production is a very beautiful and interesting one, and M. Fresnay's performance in the title-rôle is superb.*

The DUKE and DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT were at the Beaufort Hunt Point-to-Point Races at Leighterton. She is a niece of the Queen.

(Right) This line of spectators at the R.A. Harriers Hunt Meeting consists of MR. J. R. JOHNSTONE, MRS. SPENCER SUMMERS, MRS. BRAITHWAITE, MR. BRAITHWAITE, SIR ALFRED SLADE Bt., LADY SLADE, and MRS. MICHAEL SLADE.

MR. and MRS. PETER WIGGIN and MR. LAWSON were at the Royal Artillery Harriers Hunt Meeting at Windmill Hill, Tidworth. She was Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth.

(Left) The EARL OF WESTMORLAND was starter at the Beaufort Hunt Races. He is mounted. The quartette on the car roof are MAJOR PHIPPS HORNBY, MRS. VIVIAN, CAPTAIN HERBERT DIXON, M.P., and CAPTAIN A. S. BROWNE. Frost caused the first race to be postponed till 2 o'clock, by which time the going was in order. Excellent racing was witnessed by a large crowd.

MR. and MRS. GORDON DEUCHAR were at the Beaufort Hunt Races. She had a very new hat.

MISS URSULA BROWNE, LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT, MISS IRIS BIRD, MISS URSULA GIBBS, MISS ANN CAPEL, and MISS CONSTANCE STANLEY at the Beaufort Races.

# HOT NEWS WHILE YOU WAIT!

*MRS. MALCOLM VAUGHAN was Miss Judy Leveson-Gower. Her infant son, GRESHAM NEILUS VAUGHAN, was christened last week by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace.*

*MISS "SALLY" LINDLEY, third daughter of the Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, British Ambassador to Japan, is engaged to MR. PHILIP GRANTHAM YORKE, the Life Guards, only son of the late Hon. Alfred Yorke.*

*The MISSES BYRON, MRS. HAWARD BELL, and MISS OGDEN gathered round the brazier at the R.A. Harriers Hunt meeting.*

*(Above) The marriage of CAPTAIN GEORGE PEREIRA, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira, to MISS NANCY BAGGE, younger daughter of the late Sir Richard Bagge, took place at Brompton Oratory. The bride is one of five sisters — all air pilots. She was attended by Miss Margaret Pereira, Miss Joan Hare, Miss Sheila Bagge, Miss Rosaleen Bagge, the Hon. Ruth Dawnay, and Miss Susan Elwes.*

*MISS JOAN HUGHES, who will be sixteen in April, is working hard to become an efficient aviator.*

*(Left) The marriage of LORD REVELSTOKE to MISS FLORA FERMOR-HESKETH, second daughter of Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, took place at the Parish Church, Easton Neston. The ceremony was very quiet, owing to mourning. Lord Revelstoke succeeded his father this year. The bride was given away by her father, and Mr. Sandy Cameron was best man.*

(Above)
*This charming design, in which diagonal lines of the same motif are repeated with admirable effect, might easily be taken for a pattern for a chair-seat in petit-point or for a patterned summer frock material! Actually, it is made by living girls—young members of a Fascist Girls' Ski-ing Academy of Physical Education lined up for mass exercises on the snow slopes at Cortina d'Ampezzo, in the Italian Alps.*

# SKI PATTERN; STRIPE AND DIAGONAL.

(Right)
*This is another ski pattern by Fascist girls in black and white ski-ing suits. The effect of lines and dots is admirable, and the design might easily be reproduced to form the stylised jacket for a Sports hand-book or the wall-paper in a Wintersports bureau! The decorative value of our modern group movements, as here illustrated, should surely remove some of the discomfort felt by the individualist!*

# GRAN'POP GOES OXFORD.

N.B.—LOOK OUT FOR THE 15TH OF THE NEW "SKETCH" SILVER PRINTS GIVEN WITH THIS NUMBER: MISS MERLE OBERON.

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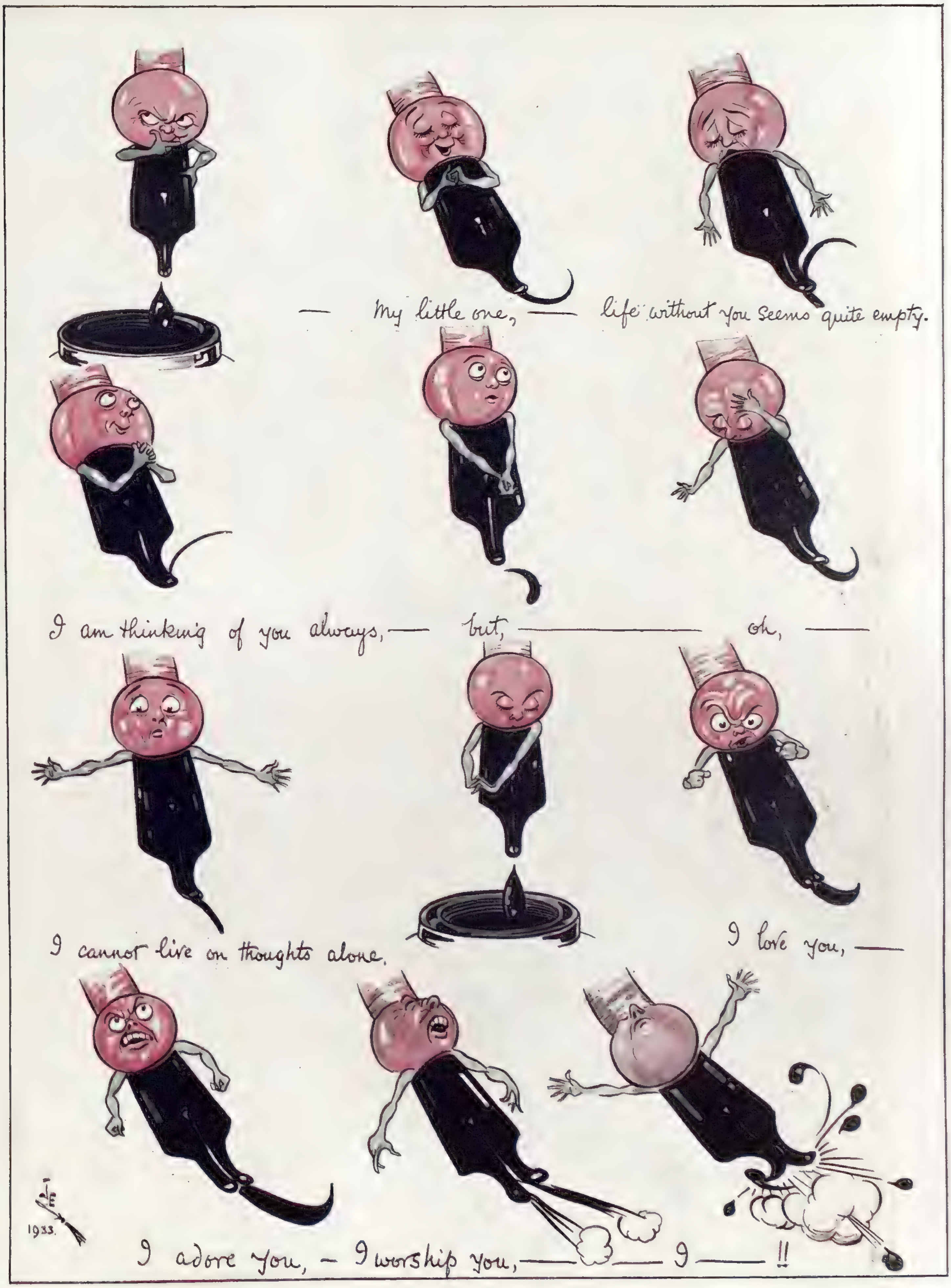



THE UNROMANTIC PEN!

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

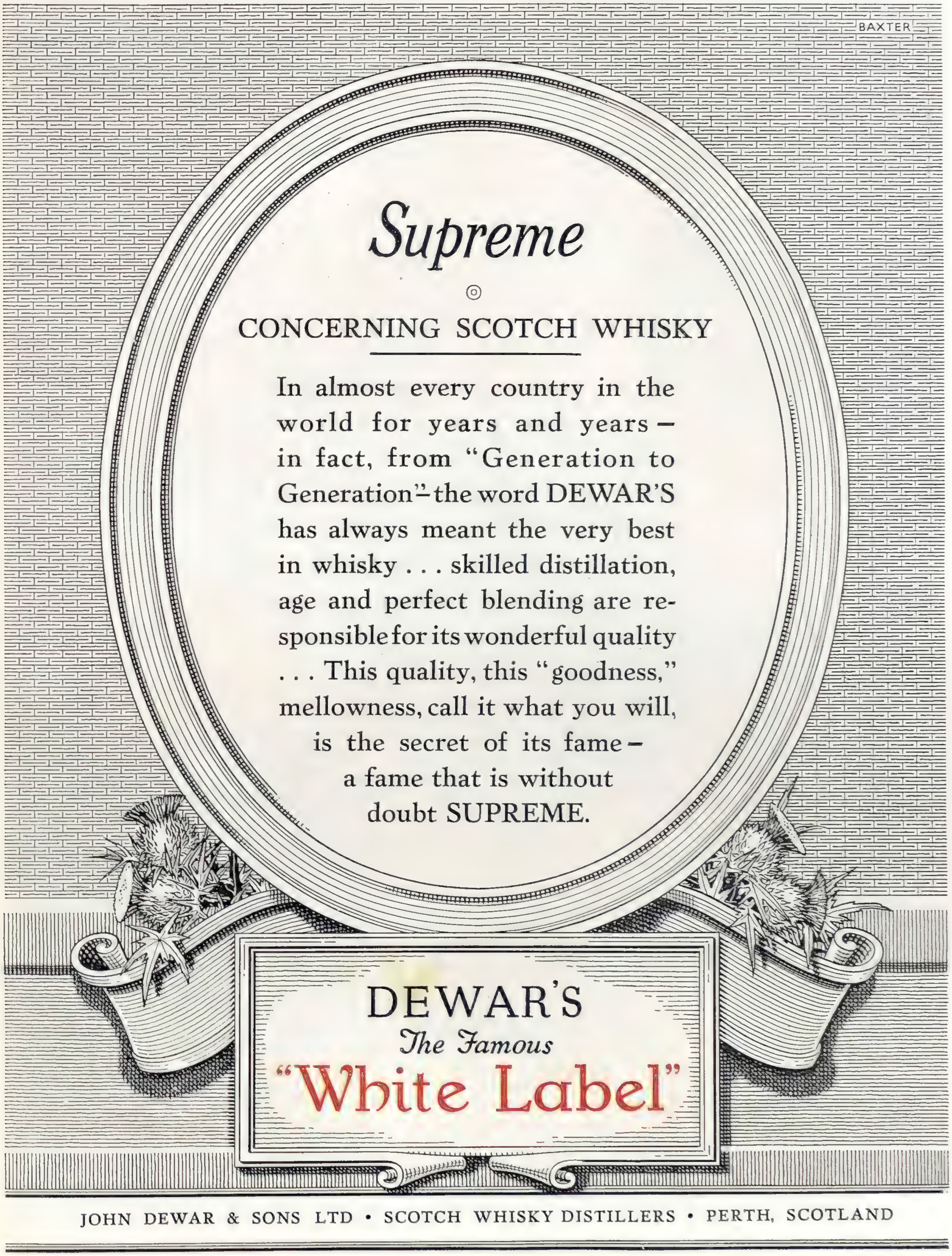
SALOME.

FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL MAK.

THE CRAZE FOR NEEDLEWORK: LADY DORIA CHILDE.

LADY DORIA CHILDE is the elder daughter of the Duke of Newcastle. This portrait of her at her embroidery frame, by Anna K. Zinkeisen, was shown at the 1933 exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters.

FROM THE PICTURE BY ANNA K. ZINKEISEN, R.O.I.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# PLAYER'S

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# GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

**From Leicestershire.**

Well, we 've had some snow all right, and considering that everyone said "that was really what was wanted" ever since November, there was a good deal of grumbling. Without a doubt, it will do a power of good and put the going on a softer footing. Hunt horses, at least, deserved a chance of "putting their feet up" for a day or two, and many another stableful can say the same. Their owners may *mean* not to jump good Dobbins on hard ground, but, somehow, when hounds run . . .

Considering the previous day, it was a great surprise that the Belvoir could hunt at Scalford, so only the very select were there. Melton Spinney took up a lot of time before a fox in it was killed. Then came a series of misfires, till Stonesby Gorse came to the rescue and a short ride to Lings resulted. The rest of the programme included a good deal of Croxton Parkery, and the hoot for home was not unwelcome. The wintry weather gave the Hunter Show a nice leg-up, and Islington has never contained a better collection of good sporting "sorts," equine and human. Colonel Stapleton-Bretherton and our own Meltonian "Priest" judged the Premium horses, and Mrs. Duncan Campbell the Ladies' Hunter class. The Quorn continued their consistently good work from Hoby, finding a lot of foxes, and although scent was such that they could only take them for a brisk country walk, one of the Charlies foolishly ran up-wind, to his undoing. Major Tommy Arnott's return from India was most welcome, and few people like hunting more. Mrs. Buist is about again after several weeks of bronchitis, and Captain George Drummond has been a noted re-visitor to Melton of late.

**A "Beaufort-shire" Budget.**

February accomplished no dyke-filling, but did us marvellously all the same! Hot and dry, or cold and dry, it was a case, at the end of this merry little month, of "see how they run!"—if you could! What fun it was, from Knockdown, though we were nearly boiled alive when called on to gallop and jump in such a sun! But the first hunt, thanks to a diplomatic fox, finished at a good spot for assuaging a thirst, "Ben Jon" and other Tetbury triers being besieged by the dry-mouthed! The next chase was a cracker too, though not absolootly straight; but we were all constantly "in the air" over *such* nice fences and walls—Shipton Moyne, Easton Grey, and Pinkney way—and enjoyed ourselves quite too terribly.

'Fraid the pretty horse with the plaited mane put rather a distance between himself and owner before he was captured. And the same applied to the naughty pony of the young lady with the auburn locks, who has just donned her first blue coat. Nothing else very thrilling happened after this till the end of the week, though the Wednesday was well up to standard, and a small, keen field exulted in lots of wall-jumping, especially in the gallop from Bowldown to Chavenage over such a pet patch. The car-followers have been modestly lying rather low since they received that last Ducal expression of opinion on their forward position, Luckington way!

*Our group was taken when the West Waterford met at Modelligo, and shows (l. to r.) MR. ION VILLIERS STUART, the Master, MISS FREDIA KEANE, and MISS CLODAGH ANSON, daughter of the Hon. Claud and Lady Clodagh Anson.*

*LADY HANSON (formerly Miss Flora Blennerhassett) and her sister, MISS BLENNERHASSETT, had to exert a certain amount of strength to control their family pets when they attended the Quorn meet at Great Dalby.*

**Sevington's Star Turn.**

All else of the week, even of the season, was outshone and outclassed by the afternoon hunt of Saturday! Sevington is not usually a meet associated with such great doings, but after a typical, though not unamusing, morning in the Stanton-cum-Kington district, hounds went off Grittleton way. They found a most noble fox in Oldlands, and a screaming scent to hunt him with, thanks to the drop of drizzle which had actually sprinkled the surface overnight. Well, they ran like smoke, wildfire, blazes, greased lightning, and anything else that expresses top speed or treading really hard on the gas!—*and* over the most peerless country too, once they were over the railway and free of the wooded Grittleton arena. So it was gallop and jump, walls or fences or wood, anywhere and everywhere, right away past Alderton, Luckington, and Sherston, over Captain Maurice Kingscote's ideal fences, on through Westonbirt, to ground close to Captain and Mrs. Worthington's new abode, after a real smashing hunt of seventy-three minutes, with a point of between six and seven miles, fast and unchecked practically all the way. M' yes, of course there are always heart-burnings on these occasions, and these great hunts in the afternoon do favour the Fortunate Few with second horses in hand, whilst the course and the pace thinned the mob that started by twenties and fifties at a time, what with bad turns and the brook to ford and cooked horses and such-like troubles, to say nothing of those who fell by the way! So only between twenty and thirty *really* got right through to the finish. We won't breathe their names, but you are sure to hear them (if you know the owners!). We will say that no one enjoyed it more or saw it better than the Irish lady on the grey Irish pony. Nor was her husband far off the premises. We were sorry that the Gadgeteer, having overlooked a restraining strap, got a bit out of control and "came it" properly, at a fence for which there was far too much "way" on!

In spite of a poisonously cold wind, those out at Swallett's Gate Monday came in for lots of amusement in the Vale, and declared they enjoyed themselves hugely, two quite nice hunts rewarding them for their hardihood. Our point-to-point is pictured on another page.

*MISS PHILIPPA BURRELL, MISS PAMELA BURRELL, and MISS MILVAIN were out when Colonel Milvain's hounds met at Broom Park Hall, Northumberland, the seat of Mrs. Cawley.*

# "WALTZES FROM VIENNA" AND "FOOTLIGHT PARADE" GOOD MOMENTS.

*"WALTZES FROM VIENNA," at the Marble Arch Pavilion. MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS and MR. HINDLE EDGAR are seen in an incident of the romance based on the relationship between the Johann Strausses, senior and junior.*

*MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS' unfortunate adventure with a ladder and a lost skirt is one of the episodes in "WALTZES FROM VIENNA." She plays Resi, the sweetheart of young Strauss.*

*This white cat among the milk-bottles is a member of the chorus in "FOOTLIGHT PARADE," the musical extravaganza that promises "plus 1000 more thrills and sensations"!*

*MISS RUBY KEELER'S white cat dance is one of the hits of "FOOTLIGHT PARADE," the new Warner Brothers' musical extravaganza at the Regal.*

*The WATER DRILL of these beauty girls in "FOOTLIGHT PARADE" is one of its many sensational features. This squad of Gorgeous Water Nymphs is admirable.*

*Real food is eaten by the actors in the "LABURNUM GROVE" supper scene at the Duchess Theatre. The play recently completed its first hundred performances, when it was estimated that 30 lb. of ham, 30 lb. of tongue, 30 gallons of beer, 60 lb. of tomatoes, 120 lettuces, 800 bananas, and large quantities of bread, cheese, sugar, tea, and milk had been consumed by Edmund Gwenn and his fellow-artists. Mr. Melville Cooper alone has eaten 400 of the bananas! Here Mr. Smith—affectionately known as Charlie, in charge of properties at the theatre, is seen preparing the repast.*

*(Right) As the members of the cast of "Laburnum Grove" eat their supper every night and at matinées—and as it is always the same one—they must long for the author to introduce a new menu! Our photograph, taken from the fly rail during a performance, shows (l. to r.) Bernard Baxley (MELVILLE COOPER), Mrs. Baxley (ETHEL COLERIDGE), George Radfern (EDMUND GWENN), Elsie Radfern (MARGERY PICKARD), and Harold Russ (FRANCIS JAMES).*

# THE SAME FOOD EVERY DAY—AND AT MATINÉES!

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

MR. LENNOX ROBINSON, in "THE BIG HOUSE," proved, at the Playhouse, that he knows his Ireland, its people, its history: we don't; aye, there 's the rub. And as ignorance is not always bliss, we were not particularly interested in these murderous incidents of the Civil War, or even in the fealty of the well-bred Irish people. They may be exciting, but they were, to us, not moving. Hence the apparent futility of the scene in which Mr. Austin Trevor ran amuck in the Big House, although he is in love with the owner's daughter; nor did we feel a pang at the heart when the Big House was burnt down. It is the case of the Cherry Orchard, but Tchehov had a range of international vision that appealed to us. Mr. Robinson remains, in outlook and description, purely local. The Big House meant nothing to us. Nor did the cast-iron character of the girl, with, in the last act, her spurts of abstract philosophical contemplation; nor did the spirits of the two sons, incarnations of Hibernism. I can imagine how roused the natives were in Ireland, but we over here merely discerned a playwright who had two themes: the hereditary devotion to the Big House, and the character of the girl who wanted to be at one with her people, high and low, and recognised the inseparable difference, and intermingled them both with redundant leniency. I do not doubt that Mr. Robinson wrote in patriotic, yet impartial exaltation. I do not deny that his portrayal of the girl is thorough and complete, that the play contains many well-written, stirring passages. But, as a whole, it is unsatisfactory because always, from our point of view, it embraces too much and grasps too little. Miss Alison Leggatt as the Irish maiden was superb; a kind of pacific Joan of Arc; a fine combination of the barometric changes in the Irish character. Mr. Austin Trevor, too — though his scenes were either *de trop* or overloaded — played finely as the British soldier whose mind becomes overheated with the affairs of Ireland. He can be splendidly ebullient. Mr. Nicholas Hannen was his own cosy self as the father of the house, and Miss Mabel Sealby, a little too well-dressed for penurious gentry, was a sweet mother when she was not tripping *à la* musical comedy.

*"HERE 'S HOW," at the Saville. Two wealthy gunmen whose notes are of a high denomination. Chick O'Leary (BILLY COMFORT) and Bashful McCoy (TOMMY REILLY), of U.S.A., sing a few falsetto "Oh, yeahs." Their racketeering methods have doubled the sales of "Posset's Pale Ale."*

A witty play promising great success is Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's "PRIVATE ROOM"; but she would be well advised to practise a drastic cutting operation on the third act, which is lop-sided and overloaded with bookish talk and dropping the curtain at a belated moment. When Lilla meets her Charles again after her painful experience as a paid lady-intervener (*not* co-respondent) in order to save her family from penury, there is but one possible solution. She will return to her fiancé who pleads so fervently, so convincingly, although in her bourgeois heart there is a tender spot for the nobleman with whom she shared the *cabinet particulier*. That was the obvious and necessary end of the play. It is a witty, well-built, often graceful little play, which lets us see a certain type of middle-class from an angle, and chastely describes what might happen behind four walls of an hotel room under compromising circumstances, yet *sans reproche*. The character of the young girl is exceedingly well drawn, and so is that of her fiancé, played by Mr. Basil Radford in the true British sterling manner of a man of will and common sense. As for Miss Thea Holme, she is the ideal suburban girl in all her unsophisticated charm and many peculiar little touches. The whole cast was well chosen.

At the Alhambra Sir Oswald Stoll now bravely puts on "JULIUS CÆSAR." It is a sound and entirely praiseworthy production, full of fine picturesque settings glowing with pageantry and alive with movement. Mr. Stanley Betts's presentation, though designed to fill the eye rather than to rely on the imaginative impulses of the descriptive poetry, does nothing to cramp the actor's art, and in this play the strength of the sharply contrasted characters creates genuine excitement in their fates. This Antony of Mr. Godfrey Tearle is quick and passionate, full of romantic appeal and expressed with that admirable control, both in voice and gesture, which reveals what a good Shakespearean actor he is. Mr. Basil Gill as Brutus gives us the simple integrity of that character, quietly assertive and cold in reason, providing an effective foil; while Mr. Franklin Dyall as Cassius — brilliant in the quarrel scene — is always convincing in his portrait of the egotistical schemer whose plans fulfilled create the tragedy. The whole company do credit to themselves, and I would specially mention the work of Mr. Valentine Dyall, Mr. David Gill, and Miss Ciceley Jonas.

The story of gangsters in "HERE 'S HOW," at the Saville, is the least important factor in a delightful evening's entertainment, for its only purpose is to provide a background for Mr. George Robey and his nonsense. The only criticism is that we wish it kept him on the stage all the time. Watch his entrance as Lord Ullage, the great brewer, down the liner's gangway, and see him fall for the captivating stowaway. See how he sums up character with a gesture of his hands. There is a ridiculous game of bridge, and a wholly absurd business with a walking-stick. There is his chatter and the accusing finger, "You are going ahead of me." This is Robey at his best, and that says all that needs to be said. The whole house rocked with laughter. Mr. Jack Donohue and Mr. Jack Melford touch in the sentiment with easy grace—Mr. Donohue's dancing is exceedingly good—while Miss Veronica Brady brushes in the farcical embellishments. To Mr. Billy Comfort and Mr. Tommy Reilly fall the gay parts of gangsters, and their burlesques and antics are full of amusing surprise. The music is tuneful, the settings and colour-schemes attractive, and the chorus is as clever as it is good to look upon. Altogether a riot of a show, this "Here 's How." June is now playing the lead opposite to Mr. Robey.

*"HERE 'S HOW," at the Saville. Explosions at a board meeting. The Hon. Hugh Posset (JACK MELFORD; left), and Lady Loudwater (VERONICA BRADY; right) give the chairman a big hand. The champagne pops up in sympathy. A comic-cut impression of Lord Ullage (GEORGE ROBEY; centre) presiding over the annual meeting of "Posset's Pale Ale."*

"MR. CINDERS," the musical play by Clifford Grey and Greatrex Newman, was presented by the BALTIC AMATEUR DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY at the New Scala Theatre last week. This shows the first scene—the Garden at Merton Chase. Mr. Monro Spooner played Lumley; Mr. Alan Rowland was Sir George; Miss Jane Rex, Lady Lancaster; Mr. Peter Boswood was Guy; and Miss Ella Eade was Phyllis Patterson. Mr. Sidley Avila played P.C. Merks and Miss Winifred Lazarus was Jill.

The scene in the ball-room at the Towers was a very decorative one; with the ladies in eighteenth-century costume with powdered hair.

The modern costumes worn by the ladies in the Baltic Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society production were as decorative as the old-world ones.

# "MR. CINDERS"—BY THE BALTIC AMATEURS.

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE CINEMA.

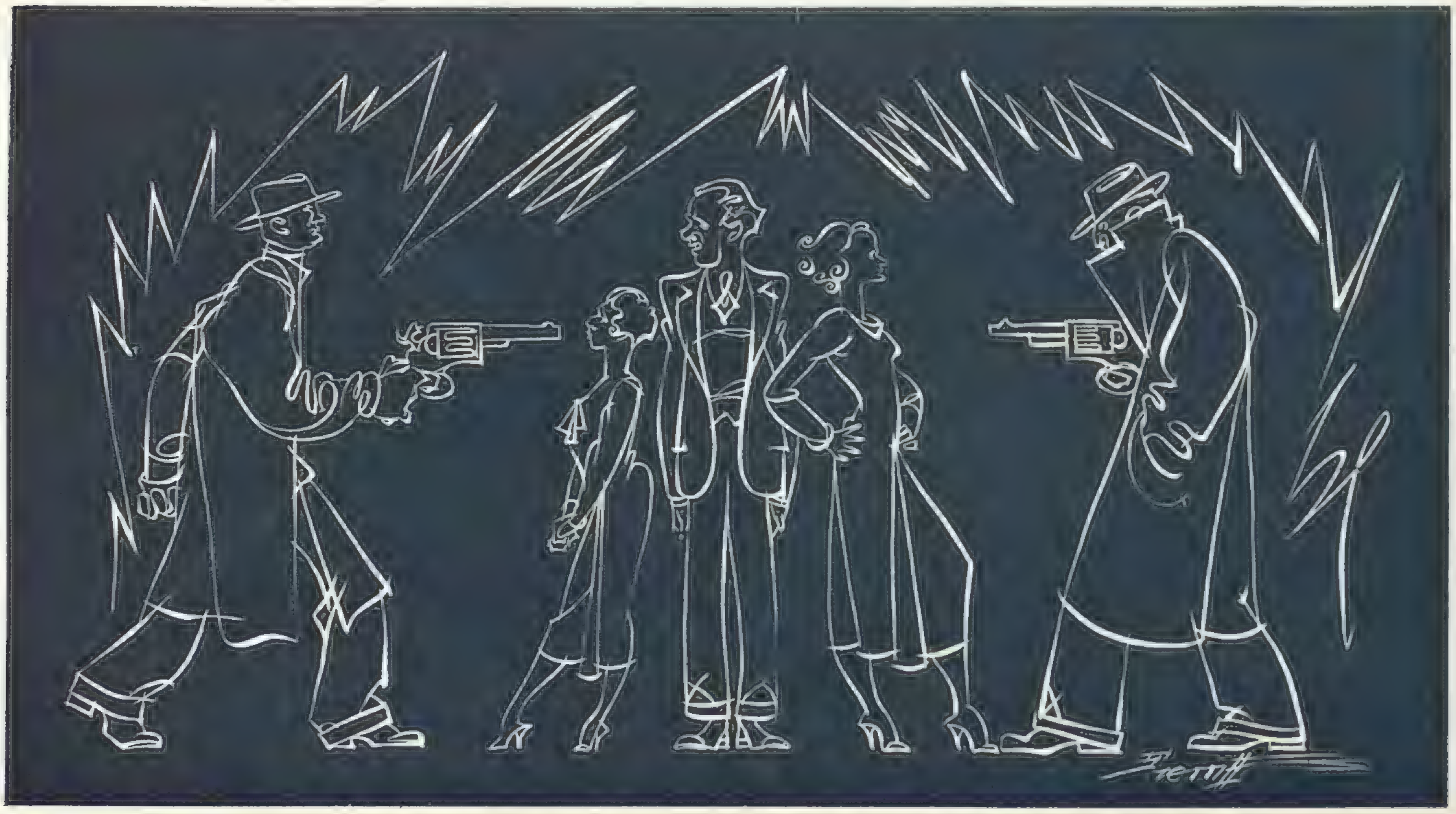
By MICHAEL ORME.

REALISM unadorned is the keynote of "LA RUE SANS NOM," the new French film at the Rialto, which depends for its dramatic situations on the different reactions of the assorted population of a squalid slum back-street to the arrival of a lovely young girl in their midst. The action, which takes place in the one row of houses, is slow, but never dull, for the acting of such players as Constant Remy, Gabriel Bario, and Paul Azais is so exciting and so sincere that in their hands each unlovely character takes on a nobility and breadth that raises the whole story above the sordid surroundings. The superimposed English titles do not, however, do justice to the subtleties of the dialogue, with the inevitable result that the film remains to us a "foreign" production, both in execution and in outlook.

"THE QUEEN'S AFFAIR" (Plaza) sets out with all the time-honoured appurtenances of romantic musical comedy in the Lubitsch style. There is Anna Neagle, "new and glamorous" as a New York shop-girl raised overnight to Ruritanian royalty; Fernand Graavey as the debonair Revolutionist with whom she falls in love; lavish back-grounds of the Court, with its pomp and panoply; but—here 's the difference—the music is missing. For Herbert Willcox appears to have begun this successor to "Bitter Sweet" in a mood of light satire, ridiculing the Ruritanian tradition both in situation and in characterisation. But the mood is not sustained, and the two stars destroy the satirical edge with their romantic excursions, which, with no theme song to put over, are rather too much emphasised. Miss Muriel Aked, Mr. Gibb McLaughlin, and Mr. Clifford Heatherley head a distinguished cast, and do full justice to the wit of Mr. Monckton Hoffe.

The kaleidoscopic nature of "COUNSELLOR AT LAW" made it a foregone conclusion that this Elmer Rice play would sooner or later be brought to the screen. Here is a play, reproduced almost word for word as it was written, yet betraying little of its stage origin, and which, moreover, though essentially chaotic in structure, achieves a smoother and less episodic result in its film form. The swiftly moving camera welds the succession of incidents by means of which the story is told into a coherent whole, and Wm. Wyler's direction leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. John Barrymore has an ideal part as George Simon, the self-made lawyer threatened with disgrace and "disbarment." His performance is powerful and dominating, increasing in intensity as the play reaches the climax of his attempted suicide. Miss Bébé Daniels gave a restrained portrayal of the secretary with whom Simon eventually finds happiness, and Miss Doris Kenyon, Miss Clara Langsner, and Mr. Vincent Sherman stand out among a long and uniformly competent cast.

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE," the new "musical" at the Regal, has two distinct claims for popularity. For in this picture Mr. James Cagney relinquishes a little of his toughness and makes his début as singer and dancer. Furthermore, it contains what must surely be the most ambitious spectacular tableaux staged in this type of back-stage film. Chester Kent (James Cagney), a hard-worked theatrical producer, threatened by competition from a rival impresario, is forced to mass all his resources—namely, the Girls—in three stupendous ensembles in order to win a big contract. When the *jeune premier* falls out at the last minute Chester himself steps into the breach, and the contract is naturally his. The three acts form the high-light of the film, and, though they do not conform to the limitations of theatre or stage, this fact does not in any way detract from the ingenuity of their invention. Miss Ruby Keeler and Mr. Dick Powell, now an established duet team; Miss Joan Blondell, Mr. Frank McHugh, and Mr. Guy Kibbee all help to keep the ball rolling in a production where spectacular effect really supersedes plot.



*"THE BIG HOUSE," recently at the Playhouse. "Who 's afraid of the big, bad house?" Three Little Irish Pigs—two of whom are shown—announced that they were going to give the Big House a good blowing-up. The inmates were cool and collected; while the Big House became hot and disintegrated. The drawing shows (from l. to r.) Gunman I. (BLAKE GIFFORD), Mrs. Alcock (MABEL SEALBY), St. Leger Alcock (NICHOLAS HANNEN), Kate Alcock (ALISON LEGGATT), and Gunman II. (MICHAEL BARRY). "The Big House" was withdrawn on Saturday.*

Composers seem to be replacing queens as screen material in the West End this week, for the new Curzon Cinema is opening with "UNFINISHED SYMPHONY," a Continental film relating an incident in the life of Schubert, with which I hope to deal next week; while "WALTZES FROM VIENNA," at the Marble Arch Pavilion, reveals the story of how the younger Johann Strauss came to write the celebrated "Blue Danube." Based on the Alhambra success of a year or two ago, and with Mr. Esmond Knight repeating his performance as young Strauss, this production employs the overtaxed Viennese theme with such success that the result is most acceptable entertainment. The story of young love's misunderstanding, of Strauss's stern denial of his son's talent, is flimsy enough as material, but Mr. Alfred Hitchcock's direction has seized each trivial incident and developed it to the full, handling the crowd scenes with a vivid suggestion of the lightheartedness of the period. Miss Jessie Matthews and Miss Fay Compton fill the two feminine rôles, each in strong contrast to the other; and Mr. Edmund Gwenn gives a most realistic rendering of Johann Strauss, senior; while Mr. Frank Vosper almost steals the honours in a lesser part.

*Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VI.*

# FROM "JACK AHOY!" TO "A FRIEND LIKE YOU."

MISS TAMARA DESNI'S rise to fame in the picture world has been rapid. She is Russian, and, after escaping from the Revolution with her mother, lived in Berlin, where she became a ballerina. She made her London début in "Casanova," at the Coliseum, and was immediately "spotted" as having great film possibilities. Her first picture was "Falling For You," and she followed this up with "Jack Ahoy!" (now at the Tivoli) and "By-Pass to Happiness." In the last-named, made for Sound City, Tamara Desni is the star, and she is again being featured in the new Sound City production, "A FRIEND LIKE YOU." She has been lent by Messrs. Gaumont-British to Sound City Films, in order to star in this big picture, in which she plays the part of a dancer.

# "THE GOLDEN TOY" REVOLVING.

MR. LUPINO LANE is the Barber in "THE GOLDEN TOY," at the London Coliseum.

The inimitable MISS NELLIE WALLACE in the Oriental musical comedy.

MR. ERNEST THESIGER'S peculiar genius is well suited by the part of Maitreyer, the priest.

(Right) "THE GOLDEN TOY," at the London Coliseum, is a magnificent spectacular production, with three concentric revolving stages which move in different ways. The final scene, "THE LOTUS FLOWER," is all-gold in effect. In our photograph, MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT and MR. ION SWINLEY, as Vasantasena and Karudatta, are in the centre, and MISS NELLIE WALLACE, as Nana, is in front.

MISS WENDY TOYE, as the principal dancer, wears this exquisite dress, inspired by Burmese art.

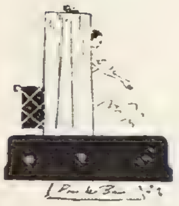
MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT is Vasantasena, the heroine of the drama.

MR. ION SWINLEY is Karudatta, the hero of the decorative show.

# "Dear Elizabeth Arden"

DEMEYER

Daily Elizabeth Arden receives hundreds of letters from her clients everywhere, in every language, seeking her advice on skin care. The range of questions is wide, for there are many types of skin. However, for those women who are eager to correct their shortcomings, but for one reason or another have not consulted her about them, Elizabeth Arden has selected some of the questions that are asked most frequently, and answers them here.

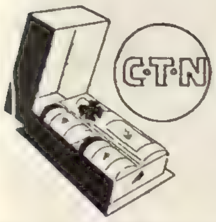


Q. I am a shower addict and therefore miss the joy of bath salts. Isn't there some way I can have my shower and some fragrance, too?

A. My Velva Bath Mits — wash cloth, fragrant cosmetic and soap all-in-one — are ideal for shower use. They lather in any kind of water, including salt water, and their scent is delightful. They make an original and most acceptable travel gift . . Box of six 12/6 3/- each.

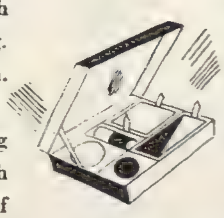
Q. I haven't been very careful of my complexion, with the result that my skin is rough and yellow-looking. I should so like to have it smooth and white again. What shall I do?

A. Follow *faithfully* the following routine. Every morning and every evening cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cleansing Cream. Follow this with stimulating pattings of Skin Tonic. At night apply Velva Cream or Orange Skin Food generously, leaving it on all night. In the morning, another light application of Velva Cream and a patting with Skin Tonic, followed by Cream Ultra-Amoretta, which not only acts as a superb make-up foundation but protects your skin from the elements and corrects dryness. Once a week give yourself a thorough treatment with Anti-Brown Spot Ointment. Cleansing Cream . . . 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/- Skin Tonic . . . 3/6, 8/6, 15/6, 25/- Velva Cream . . . 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/- Orange Skin Food . . . 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6 Cream Ultra-Amoretta . . . 4/6, 8/6.




Q. I understand that the three steps you advocate for achieving a smooth, soft skin are Cleansing, Toning and Nourishing. I like simple treatments and would appreciate knowing whether you have assembled the preparations for this purpose in a box for travelling or for my dressing table?

A. A box containing these preparations is one of my newest offerings. It is called the C T N Box. It contains Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic and Velva Cream neatly arranged in an attractive pink box, and the cost is only 12/6.



Q. I understand the importance of having make-up perfectly co-ordinated. Is there any way I can be sure of what colour powder to use with what colour lipstick, and rouge?

A. I realised that women would be puzzled about co-ordinating make-up. So I created the Colour Harmony Box, containing my Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Sha-do and Cosmetique, in correlative shades. Nine combinations to go with various costume colours. 27/6.

Q. My skin is so sallow. Please advise me what to do.

A. Spread my Anti-Brown Spot Ointment over your face. As soon as your skin begins to tingle, remove this and pat in Orange Skin Food. Anti-Brown Spot Ointment 10/6, 18/6. Complete Treatment set, with the required preparations for a number of treatments 18/6.

Q. What is a Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning Treatment?

A. This treatment, as given in my Salons, is based on the importance of perfect Cleansing, Nourishing, Toning and Tightening. It not only treats the skin surface, but builds up the underlying muscles. Have one of these treatments in my Salons, and the attendant will be glad to teach you how to give yourself a similar treatment at home. Perhaps you need the Sensation Treatment with that amazing salve which awakens the skin so rapidly.

*"Sweeping the Years Away" is a true story of a woman who was transformed in the Elizabeth Arden Salon. Miss Arden would be happy to send you a copy.*

**ELIZABETH ARDEN**

Elizabeth Arden Ltd. 691 Fifth Avenue, New York

LONDON · 25 OLD BOND STREET W1

PARIS BERLIN ROME

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# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## By L. P. HARTLEY.

"FIRST CHILDHOOD" differs in many ways from most autobiographies. For one thing, it begins much further back—with the dawning of self-consciousness, in fact—

I was standing beside a table in the library at Arley, when, all at once, what had hitherto been a blurred background became distinct, just as when someone who is short-sighted puts on spectacles. Objects and individuals assumed definite shapes, grouping themselves into an ordered whole, and from that moment I understood that I formed part of it—without, of course, a full premonition of all that this exactly entailed.

Perhaps it was as well that the premonition was only partial. If Lord Berners had realised what was in store for him at Elmley, his private school, he might have faced the future with more misgiving. He would certainly have refrained from playing the Rabelaisian practical joke on his Swiss governess which determined his parents to send him away from home. But we should have been the poorer by one rude, loud guffaw. Indeed, many of the most diverting incidents in the book proceed from the author's childish ignorance of, or indifference to, consequences. He was cursed with a violent temper—or perhaps one should say blessed—

For there is no doubt that during my early childhood, the violence of my temper was very useful in preserving me from punishment. It certainly did so on the occasion of my first and only experience of corporal chastisement.

**Dogs Might Fly.**

This took place when I threw my mother's spaniel out of the window. Let me hasten to assure dog-lovers that this action was not inspired by innate cruelty or even by a hatred for dogs in general. It was due rather to a false association of ideas, an erroneous form of reasoning to which the human mind is particularly prone. I had heard somebody say that if you threw a dog into water it would instinctively swim. Reflection upon this biological fact led me to wonder if a dog, when thrown into the air, would instinctively fly. Happening to see my mother's spaniel lying near an open window on the first floor, I felt that here was a good opportunity to make the experiment. It was a fat dog, and I had some difficulty in lifting it up on to the window-sill. After giving it an encouraging pat, I pushed it off. I watched the unfortunate animal gyrating in the air, its long, ringleted ears and tail spread out by centrifugal force. (Incidentally, it bore a strong resemblance to Elizabeth Barrett Browning.) But it appeared to be making no effort whatever to fly.

The spaniel fell into a lilac bush, unhurt, but his mother determined to teach the dabbler in scientific experiment a lesson. She chose a bed-room slipper as the instrument of justice, but no sooner had she, "in a half-hearted fashion," begun, than he rounded on her, seized the slipper, and quickly reversed their respective rôles.

This episode, however, gives a false idea of their relationship, which, though the author never says so, was evidently his most reliable and consistent source of happiness. The mutual affection of mother and son diffuses through the book a comfortable warmth, a sense of security, which not even the severity of his grandmother, Lady Bourchier, the infuriating patronage of the tomboy, Nesta, and the rigours and cruelties of life at Elmley were able altogether to chill and quench. Considering his precocious mental and emotional development, it is surprising that he was as happy as he was. Brought up in country houses among conventional relations whose chief interest was sport, the twelve years of his first childhood might easily have left him wretched and suppressed, a prey to disabling inferiority complexes. That they did not was in great measure due to his abnormally developed sense of humour, which soon assumed an almost militant quality. Even in his tenderest years he could humiliate his enemies with some ingenious practical joke. Looking back on life from a secure pinnacle of irony, he is perhaps inclined to see the events of childhood as more rounded, more dramatic, and, above all, funnier than they really were; and to credit his infant mind with powers of reflection it could not have possessed. No doubt the observation was there, but the remarkable descriptive gift must have come later. For instance—

**A Swiss Governess.**

Mademoiselle Bock came from Geneva. She had a wooden, expressionless face that looked like one of the carved sheep one sees in Swiss toy-shops. Her shape was suggestive of a chalet, and her hats, constructed for the most part of flannel and braid, completed the illusion by looking as though they were pinned down on to her head by heavy boulders.

Entertaining as this picture is, it hardly seems the product of a child's consciousness. Very often we feel we are reading not about a little boy, but a grown man who has assumed the stature of a child. Still, had Lord Berners adhered more closely to a child's point of view, his book could hardly have failed to be dull, whereas it is brilliantly amusing, and never more so than in its occasional lapses from decorum.

**"Winner Take Nothing."**

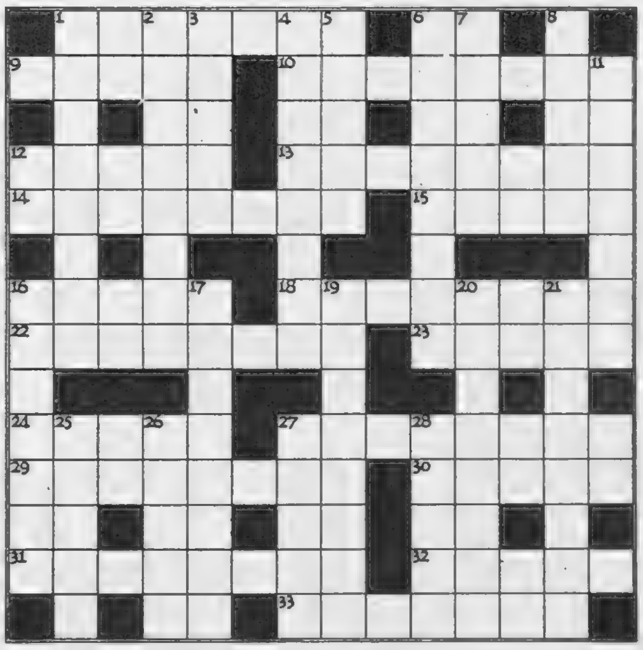
A taste for the work of Mr. Ernest Hemingway is not hard to acquire: the question is, does it last? He is one of the most mannered of living novelists. One cannot be indifferent to his manner. I find it by turns baffling, fascinating, and exasperating. He is a brilliant virtuoso, a great master of effects, and very often, if we examine it, the effect is found to be out of proportion to the cause. Especially is this the case in his short stories. There, "small profits, quick returns" is his motto. Everything is done with a snap; the dialogue rattles against one's mind like bursts of machine-gun fire. The stories in "Winner Take Nothing," his latest book, exhibit his manner in its most exaggerated form. Often it justifies itself; a stroke goes home like a rapier-thrust, touching one's emotions to the quick. But sometimes the style seems so self-conscious that it gets between the writer and his meaning. And occasionally he is guilty of deliberate obscurity.

[Continued on page vi.

## OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. A little does? Yes, for making gloves.
9. What are you trying to do? Love 's a delusion evidently.
10. Lord! You 'll end up by spelling his name backwards!
12. This "tea" might make you better, but if I got mixed up with it, it might make you insane.
13. You 'll say this is tough, but 'Arry says that 's because the end comes before the hunter can finish.
14. A strong position for défence, so you must use somewhat unusual rapidity.
15. Extol, but not very complimentary without its last letter.
16. Feminine attire. Now you know why the bills grow so fast!
18. His end is to put things right, not wrong. You can see it isn't the latter.
22. Married men may find a difficulty in getting this word in, even like this!
23. A kind of anchor, so there 's hope that you 'll be able to begin the fish course.
24. This may be slow in arriving, but it 's only hard if its head comes last.
27. Well, I 'm ——! You shouldn't show greed too plainly after a dance.
29. This is kept in the family, presumably to spin yarns about.
30. An extra wash. It melts the gum, you see, so you must fiddle with it if you want to fiddle with it.
31. Thou dost perhaps when thou scrappest. Oh, east is east, but west isn't always west, is it?
32. This is usually painful, and might even become cruel.
33. Moderates, you 'll find, if you haven't all lost them by now!




NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

DOWN.

1. It won't suit your book to be like that. The corners are bad, so you have to have a middle gear.
2. Rather late in the day for an event to start.
3. Deans always take the chair, and this chair returns the compliment.
4. This means constant work, so you must find something to hold the dust.
5. Any old things will do here. Just write in their names.
6. Parliamentary report, so called because of the cover, not the language.
7. This is great fun! Here 's an old friend with nothing on!
8. However hot it may be here, you can always find shade, you see.
11. This should signify good breeding, but you can't exactly make it run true.
16. Make him slew round before her, and he 'll give you a run for your money.
17. These birds fly backwards and forwards. They can almost do so here.
19. What price this? The builder would give you one if you arrange the site and get a friend to back it.
20. Time to get up. It might mean remountin', too!
21. What do happen, Mose, if dose gals lose deir heads? Oh, den you find de ways out!
25. There 's a woman in it, and this is when you 'll find which way to have her.
26. Well, I 'm bothered, but I 'll be d——d if I 'm going to be stabbed!
27. The banjo-player can hold the floor now the ban is removed.
28. Quite a nice party, but it will have to end up.

## A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

*Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, March 12, we shall give a prize of £2.*

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page VIII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

Quality Tells—
"I do sometimes read advertisements and I thank the one that told me Vat 69 costs only 12/6"
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
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ESTABLISHED 1863
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VAT 69
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars everywhere stock VAT 69, and are proud to sell it.
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863

# FOLLOWING THROUGH.

## By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

*MISS MARY PICKFORD is a keen screen star golfer. She has been on "vacation" at Palm Beach, Florida, and had plenty of golf there. This is her follow-through.*

**The Best Ten!**

I see Gene Sarazen has already flown the kite that appears about this time of year to let us know over here that he is still alive and smiling. Last time a soup-plate hole swung from its tail: this time his ten selected best golfers flutter in order from it like bright-coloured pennons. I always feel that this beaming little man is a reincarnation of Puck, and that he has his tongue tucked away in his cheek when he makes his annual statement for publication. Like Puck, he is a kindly soul, and, in pulling our legs, perhaps with the friendly *arrière pensée* of stimulating our rank and fashion, realises that he is presenting our scribes with free "copy" at a time when our news wells are nearly dry. Whether I have read his mind aright or no is small beer. The joke still remains, and that presently is on us, for Gene does not include a single one of our champions in his list, which is wholly starred and striped. Well, we have had the hint. Perhaps by the time Sandwich has added its paragraph to golfing history, Sarazen's list may need amendment.

**Oxford's Progress.**

Meanwhile, Oxford and Cambridge continue to hold our own golfing stage, and Oxford are keeping their supporters in fine feather. Recently they visited Stoke Poges and beat a club side that included Alan Cave, Eric Prain, C. K. Cotton—who shortly takes over the secretaryship of Oxhey—C. F. Penruddock, Geoffrey Illingworth, J. P. Marston, and Henry Longhurst by eight matches to six on the day's play. That was a very sound performance, and Morrice has every reason to be satisfied. Indeed, so satisfied that he has completed his team with R. G. de Quincey, who now carries more than double the six clubs with which he holed Worplesdon in 69. Morrice has also appointed T. E. Hargreave as his first reserve, thus leaving himself plenty of time to choose another champion to do battle for the dinner. There were some excellent individual performances at Stoke on both sides. In the foursomes, Morrice and Pennink halved with Cave and Cotton, and that, as those who know Stoke and the club's leading couple will realise, is an achievement in itself. Moss and Duncan also did well to beat Illingworth and Marston, and once again the Oxford tail wagged to good purpose. In the singles, Morrice, after some thrilling exchanges with Cave, for once found himself out-putted, and Pennink, after swapping blow for blow with Prain for three-quarters of the round, was knocked out by a sudden flurry of threes. But Oxford were strong in the "body of the kirk," and their tail settled the result.

**A Day at Tadmarton.**

The next day an Oxford side of *Divots*, which included seven of the University team, visited Tadmarton, but a local side, with Cyril Tolley, Roger Wethered, and Monty Pease to lead them, proved just too strong. I well remember the opening of this delightful eighteen holes heath course. It was laid out by Cecil Hutchison, and we went, a very jolly party—the architect, Arthur Croome, Bernard Darwin, Cyril and Roger, and myself—to stay with Monty Pease. I remember that much of the golf was worthy of the occasion, but I remember more than that: a wonderful mechanical organ, which our host operated so skilfully that a virtuoso might have been at the keyboards; and so much later that it was in the "sma' wee hours," Arthur Croome coming into my room and reciting long extracts of the Odyssey in English to me, including the beautiful passage describing the meeting of Odysseus with Nausicaa. *Eheu fugaces!* those were indeed the "braw days." Now Tadmarton is an established and flourishing course. I wish Arthur could have lived to see and enjoy the golf, for which he prophesied great things.

**Cambridge at Royal St. George's.**

While Oxford were thus engaged, Cambridge were spending the week-end at Sandwich, where they met a strong Royal St. George's side in four-ball matches, foursomes, and singles. Compared with Oxford, they did not show to quite the same advantage: the club beat them on the whole series by fifteen matches to eight. None the less, the experience on such a battle-ground is like to prove a valuable one, and the present position is one of more than passing interest. Oxford, with some time to go, have arrived at an advanced stage of their preparation. Cambridge are not so forward, but have nearly a month in which to put the finishing touches to their training. So now we must sit back and watch, firstly, how Cambridge come on, and, secondly, if Oxford can keep up their present form. Much will depend on this as to how the match at Formby goes.

**An Opportunity for Golfers.**

Some days ago *Golf Illustrated* initiated a movement for golfers that I make no apology for referring to the notice of *Sketch* readers. Briefly, the idea is that individuals and clubs from time to time should make an inventory of the various articles of clothing and footwear that lie in oblivion in so many chests of drawers or hang overlooked on the pegs of so many club dressing-rooms, and lurk forgotten in many a dark and dusty recess. Having done this, the flotsam and jetsam so recovered will be turned into treasure, for the Personal Service League and National Playing Fields Association — which, respectively, under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Duke of York, are doing such wonderful work — have promised to distribute it among those who are presently supporting the miseries of unemployment. Golf is a happy game, and what better thing can golfers do than to help, even in a small way, in bringing relief, if not happiness, to those enduring difficult days?

*MISS SALLY EILERS has been enjoying a golfing honeymoon with her husband, HARRY JOE BROWN, the producer, at Palm Springs, California. The climate in Calif. has convinced Miss Eilers that knitted shorts, a jersey, scarf, skull-cap, and sun-goggles are the ideal golfing costume.*

*"True Craftsmanship and Character in Tailoring" to-day a descriptive phrase for a DEBENHAM TAILOR-MADE, following over a century's tradition in the making of clothes.*

# THE TAILOR MADE ...by Debenhams

*Tailored Coat and Skirt in pale blue Angora, cut on soft lines, with belt of own material; coat fastened with original chromium-plated buckles. Also copied in pink, beige, and other pastel shades. To order* 14½ GNS.

*Tailored Two-piece Suit in soft beige novelty material, the bodice having vest of flesh-coloured georgette with knots of material; collar of dyed fox to tone. To order* 35 GNS.

*Without fur - - 23½ gns.*

FROM THE MADE TO ORDER BROCHURE OF TAILORED SUITS

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WIGMORE STREET, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)

# MOTOR DICTA

## By H. E. SYMONS.

### THE CHARM OF THE RILEY: THE 12-H.P. "MENTONE" SALOON.

DURING the past few weeks I seem to have been trying out a number of cars which, efficient though they might be in themselves, yet appeared under-powered or over-bodied, which comes to the same thing. I have flogged 10-h.p. saloons along at a merry bat. I have kept my foot hard down in a 12-h.p. family car for 200 miles on end. In each case I have recorded eminently satisfactory results. But I have been conscious that high average speeds in cars of this sort are not achieved without effort on the part of the driver, so that, alighting at his destination, he calls for strong drink. Last week-end, however, I had an entirely different experience. I covered a few hundred miles at the wheel of a Riley "Mentone" saloon. Rated as it is as a 12-h.p. car, so that the standing charges upon it are reassuringly low, it yet has the comfort and performance of a car of far higher horse-power.

Motorists of experience know that a fine performance can be got out of many of the smaller-engined cars, provided frequent use is made of the gear-box. In other words, the small, super-efficient engines only develop their full power at a high rate of revolutions. But the engine of the Riley "Mentone" saloon develops such an extraordinary amount of power at low speeds, and affords such eminently satisfying acceleration until the speedometer hand quivers in the seventies, that it requires a real effort of mind to appreciate that one is not at the wheel of a 16- or 20-h.p. car. This model of the most successful Riley range is the kind of car into which one unhesitatingly crowds a full complement of passengers and piles on the luggage, knowing that this will in no sense affect the performance. The reserve of power is so great that one or two extra passengers are scarcely felt by the willing engine.

*The car in this attractive motoring photograph is a 20-H. P. DAIMLER SALOON. It is posed at the foot of the hill at the Black Rabbit Inn, Arundel.*

And what smoothness accompanies this even flow of power! Even if there were any vibration in the engine—and I do not believe that there is—it would be damped-out at its source by the patented Riley method of mounting the power-unit. Not only vibration, but noise is, as it were, still-born. The springing of the car is such that there is no bouncing on bad roads and no swaying on corners, yet the same shock-absorber setting gives equally comfortable riding at 3 m.p.h. in traffic or "flat out" up the Great North Road. It is, I think, this wonderful combination of engine and transmission smoothness and silence, and superlative springing, that invariably gives one the impression that one is riding luxuriously in a very large car. You have only got to cover 100 miles or so in a Riley "Mentone" saloon to realise that it possesses the quality which any car, to be *really* attractive, must have: the ability to get from place to place effortlessly, unobtrusively, in the minimum time.

Off the beaten track the Riley "Mentone" saloon shows up no less favourably. Its bottom gear is low enough to start on the most hair-raising acclivity; its springing will take you in comfort over the worst of "colonial" courses; and the brakes, which are adjustable from the driving seat while the car is in motion, will hold you safely on what would otherwise be a terrifying descent. It is the sort of car which needs no extra preparation for a tour abroad, whether your objective be the bulb fields of Holland or the lofty, snow-crowned peaks of the Dolomites.

"How is this performance obtained?" you ask. "Why should this 12-h.p. car possess such attributes as place it in a class apart?" The answer lies in the fact that everything about the "Mentone" saloon has been tried and tested to the *n*th degree. It is a six-cylinder edition of the famous Riley Nine, "the car which set the fashion to the World," having the same ingenious design of cylinder-head, with inclined overhead valves operated through push rods from cam-shafts on opposite sides of the crank-case. The plate clutch, the four-speed gear-box with constant-mesh silent third, and an ordinary spiral bevel rear axle complete the transmission.

The ease of getting in or out, and the way one can "spread" oneself in either the front or rear compartment, together with the eminently natural driving position, are among my principal impressions of the car, which is as well thought-out from the coachbuilder's as from the chassis-designer's point of view. Indeed, this is what has always struck me about the Riley, ever since the new era of its history began, *circa* 1926: that the car has been designed from start to finish as a complete motor vehicle, rather than as a chassis with which the coachbuilder has to do the best he can.

I haven't said anything so far about the psychological effects of owning a Riley, but there is something about these cars that inspires enthusiasm, pride of ownership, a jolly friendship between all those who drive them. Although it can be driven in the most humdrum, top-gear-all-the-time manner, and performs admirably when so handled, it responds instantly to the sensitive hands and feet of an expert, showing its high speed on second and third, its wonderful maximum, its faultless road-holding and speed-cornering capabilities. It is a surprising car, in that it is at one and the same time a true sports model and the most docile carriage that any old lady could desire.

And, when all is said and done, the Riley "Mentone" saloon is not an expensive car. Even in Aberdeen (I have it on the highest authority!) it is considered excellent value at £348. This price is not high in any case for a 12-h.p. car built up to an ideal instead of down to a price, but it becomes an extremely moderate figure when one realises that in speed and performance, in comfort and appearance—in fact, in everything except running costs, the "Mentone" possesses all the qualities and all the charm of a really large automobile.

*Beauty—of human, architectural, and motoring interest—is featured in our photograph. The beautiful lady is MISS IRIS ASHLEY; the beautiful car is a HOOPER SPORTS SALOON on a 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CONTINENTAL CHASSIS; and the beautiful building is "Great Fosters."*

# IF you let your wife drive your *Lanchester*

*she will give you no rest either by night or by day until she has bought one of her own.*

## LANCHESTER '10' Saloons from £325

**SMOOTHNESS.** Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission. Patented bi-axial engine-mounting supporting engine on rubber at five points. Very robust crankshaft carried in three large bearings.

**COMFORT.** Low centre of gravity and extra long springs. Special frame construction and worm-driven axle give ample head and leg room with the convenience of a *perfectly flat floor* and low entrance. Luxurious leather upholstery.

**SILENCE.** Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission. Special camshaft design enabling overhead valves to be operated noiselessly. Gearbox silent on *all* gears. Silent worm-driven rear axle.

**SAFETY.** Immensely strong underslung cruciform-braced frame. Special wide spring track eliminates "side roll" on corners. Smooth and powerful brakes. Light, shockless, yet thoroughly positive steering.

*The only other '10' with Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission is the* **B.S.A. '10'** *— fourteen special luxury features. Saloons from £230.*

### ★ REQUEST FORM

to **LANCHESTER** Motor Co. Ltd.
to **B.S.A.** Cars Ltd. 116 Sandy Lane, Coventry.
*(Cross out name that does not apply)*

We shall be pleased to supply further information about the Lanchester '10' or B.S.A. '10' or to arrange a trial run. Please place a cross in the appropriate squares.

116/7-3-34

- ☐ Please send a Catalogue.
- ☐ Please send me the Fluid Flywheel Booklet.
- ☐ Please arrange a trial run.

*Name*..........................................................

*Address*......................................................

..................................................................

# CITY NOTES.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"MOST natural thing on earth. Here 's a chap "—he took the letter from his dealing-case—" who applied for shares in a new concern, as a deliberate stag, mind you, and he writes very bitterly at finding he can't sell them."

" Can't sell ? Why not ? " asked Our Stroller. " I thought there was always a market——"

" ' Why not ' ? Because the Stock Exchange Committee have refused the application for permission to deal. That 's why not. And I 'm bound to admit feeling a certain degree of sympathy with my client. It looks as though he had got the shares for good and all."

" Was the company a ramp ? "

" Oh, no ; not necessarily. I forget the details. The prospectus struck me at the time as being on the sketchy side——"

" You refer to assets, I presume."

" Your presumption is correct, Sir. The Stock Exchange Committee are much stricter than they used to be in the Dirt Track days."

*MR. P. A. HAWKE is a Director of the following important houses: Marshall and Snelgrove Oxford St (Managing Director) ; Debenhams ; and Selincourt and Sons.*

*BIG MEN IN DRAPERY is the subject of Fred May's pen this week.—MR. E. F. CUTTS is Managing Director of Harvey Nichols. He is also on the Boards of Bobbys and of Debenhams.*

" Why do the Committee refuse these applications at all ? "

" For reasons divers and sundry, as the duck said when he came up to make a run on the bank. Sometimes they think the promotion profits are unreasonably high."

" Or a company's list of allottees may suggest that insiders are taking too large a slice of the issue."

" What has that to do with the public ? " enquired Our Stroller innocently.

" Everything of course. If you place control in a few hands, you can force up the price of shares to any fancy figure you like."

" There 's no necessity for people to buy the shares."

" My dear fellow," said his broker impatiently, " you know as well as I do that if a price keeps on rising, people will buy more and more, whether they have any knowledge of the company or not. The insiders put up the shares, the public think it 's easy money to come in and buy, and the result is that people are left holding the baby at ridiculous prices."

" The Stock Exchange machinery being used as the vehicle from which the baby is unloaded," added a mixed metaphorician.

" I catch the idea," conceded Our Stroller; " but your Committee could easily say in advance whether they were prepared to grant this precious leave to deal."

" Now you 're talking like some newspaper editor who knows more about the theories of Adam Smith than he does of present-day financial practice."

" Can't see it. Besides, your Committee do give leave to deal, in some cases, before an allotment is made."

" Why, of course. The Committee are out to help and encourage Stock Exchange business, so if you were to float a British Government loan this afternoon, the Committee would give leave to deal at once, and without any question."

" Oh, would they ? Not if I were to do it, my lad. You ask Gosling or Wilkinson, and hear what they 'd say."

" You know what I mean. But supposing a rather doubtful bit of work comes up, and the Committee don't feel any too certain as to its shares, can't you see that the allotment may throw a very useful light upon the way that the insiders have parcelled out the shares ? And the Committee's refusal to grant leave to deal in the shares may be governed by that particular point."

" Nevertheless, I have a good deal of sympathy——"

" So have we all. I got let down myself, quite lately, in exactly the same way. Thought I saw a turn as a stag, applied for shares and got them, then found I couldn't sell."

" What 's your position ?"

" Inside left. Badly. All I can do is to wait until such time as the Stock Exchange Committee think fit to grant the permission which they have so far refused. So you can see for yourself that I have the fellow feeling that makes us wondrous kind to people in the same boat."

" Seems to me that something ought to be done," said a broker vaguely.

" Why don't the papers speak out more plainly about new issues ? "

There was no answer, and Our Stroller made his way towards the Motor Share Market.

Making one's way in the Stock Exchange is, by the way, no more easy physically, these days, than it is financially. There are about four thousand men, including members and clerks, present in the House for the greater part of the day. Many of them are in a hurry ; many more either seem or try to be. In times such as these are, of general market activity, it requires something of an effort to reach one's objective of destination.

A broker was asking the price of Rolls Royce and Fords. Another, standing next to him, said he thought it was rather humorous to see Rolls and Fords side by side as leaders of the market.

" I don't know about that," remarked one of the jobbers. " Austins have kept us equally busy, I should say."

" Extraordinary prices these things have risen to. They can't possibly keep up the pace. The time must come when we shall see a reaction."

*MR. JACK SPENCE is the General Manager of Debenham and Freebody.*

" In other words," said his brother, " you sold your own shares too soon, and you are trying to justify it to your conscience."

" We all sold everything too soon——"

" But somebody must have bought our stock. Who was it ? "

" The public. I believe that clients have had more courage than their brokers. Some of my people have done awfully well—off their own bat, too."

" Have they taken their profits ? "

" Partially. They don't know what to do with the money when they 've sold their shares ; that 's the trouble. And I 'm blessed if I know where to place capital for it to stand a good chance of appreciation."

" I 'm turning clients into oil, in cases where those clients can afford to take a business risk."

" And quite right too," agreed a tall young fellow in the Oil Market. He turned round sharply and caught his hat against the top of the pulpit.

" No harm done, I hope," said the J. P. who occupied it.

" My head 's not so hard as our market," and he rubbed his pate rather ruefully. " Oil shares are all right, you can be certain. V.O.C. are cheap. Burmah, Anglo-Persian, Shell—you can help yourself to all the good ones and rely upon seeing a profit before long."

He went on to tell them how he had let twenty-two thousand pounds slip through his fingers in less than ten days. " I was offered a line of mining shares at the beginning of one week, and at the end of the next week the price had exactly doubled." He neither asked nor received sympathy. This kind of thing has happened too often of recent weeks for its recital to rouse more than passing interest.

" Somebody else made it if you didn't," was a jobber's comment.

" And," said another, " if you had bought the shares you would have turned 'em out long before they had risen so much."

" True for you," was the response, and the speaker brought his list of prices up to date.

" Have you seen this ? " a member said to Our Stroller, handing him a circular advising the purchase of an option on Industrials. " Bit of sauce, don't you think ? "

Our Stroller took the paper ; it was one of the numerous bucket-shop effusions that are now so widely broadcast. Post, telegram, and telephone are all pressed into the service of the unmitigated nuisances of the financial world.

" Pretty hot, isn't it ? And the police take no action."

" Neither does your Stock Exchange," retorted Our Stroller.

He realised his slip in an instant, before even the astonished broker could raise the battle-cry of " Fourteen Hundred ! "

*MR. JOHN H. WORMELL is the Managing Director of Rylands and Sons, the largest general textile house in the world.*

" Too near to be pleasant. You must be more careful in future," he sternly rebuked himself when he stood, in undeserved safety, on the steps outside Capel Court.

*Friday, March 2, 1934.*

# THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

*Suzanne Talbot's halo, with a black straw crown and a brim of pink elastic material to match the scarf and cuffs of the marocain gloves.*

*Suzy's shallow Breton sailor in black straw and tartan taffeta. It is trimmed with black and white ribbons and is worn with a tartan scarf.*

*Maria Guy ties a narrow black ribbon round the gutter crown of a black Panama hat with a sweeping brim which turns up at the back.*

# PARIS HESITATES—BUT

A WILD confusion of ideas marked the Paris Openings this spring. Most of them were meant to be taken seriously; a few were frankly frivolous; and these are the ones that really mattered.

Neatly tailored suits, free from exaggeration, but crisp and youthful in line, are going to be a great stand-by. Marcel Rochas does them perfectly. He likes hip-length jackets, well-defined waists, and high revers, which usually match the blouse or waistcoat. Some of the skirts are practically hobbles, with tiny four-inch pleats at each side. Jodelle does suits with the jackets cut into a V at the back of the neck to reveal the inevitable scarf. Patou also likes a rather low neckline, which he uses on some of his coats. He has a feeling for pleated basques and does slender skirts with groups of pleats of uneven height. Heim likes inconspicuously squared shoulders and capes. Blouses in plaid taffeta, net, organdie, and white piqué have draperies at the neck or on the bosom.

COATS go to any lengths. The swagger of the autumn is replaced by the box coat which hangs straight from the shoulders, usually with a deep pleat down the back. This and the half-length Coollie coat is worn with skirts or with dresses which they need not match, and both are great favourites.

Full-length coats are either collarless or have collars which stand well away from the head. Some have huge thrown-forward revers and others have cleverly contrived cowls which give a backward movement. The dropped shoulder line is tremendously important. Lanvin does a particularly pretty sleeve on the coats, which she puts with vividly printed crêpe-de-Chine frocks. It consists of an oval band looped from the shoulder and reaching to the elbow, with the dress sleeve showing through.

*Augustabernard's prune-coloured georgette dress, with ruffled hem and cape, and tucked tunic slit at sides.*

*Marcel Rochas's caped suit with Eton collar and neat dark belt. It is made in a lightly checked wool.*

*Worth's navy-blue suit with a pleated collar and bow of sheer white linen, and a jacket pleated below the waist at the back.*

# THESE FACTS EMERGE

MAGGY ROUFF creates a very successful new silhouette in some of her simple silk day-frocks. These have apron fronts which wrap over to the side back, narrowing off to a centre point. This line is emphasised by narrow frills or flat fins, and by inset fan pleats. Plain taffeta in dark colours, flat crêpe in pastel shades, and vivid prints are all used extensively, and the majority of sleeves are short and are set into narrow arm bands with pointed fullness rising just above the shoulder-line. One of the most charming necklines shows soft folds swathed across the throat, while at the back it drops to a moderate V. Frills of white lawn and lace-trimmed muslin lingerie touches lighten the dark dresses.

CASCADES of frills give a new outline to evening dresses, nearly every one of which has its own individual wrap or cape. Maggy Rouff uses so much white organdie about the shoulders that her mannequins looked as though they might rise in the air and fly away at any moment! The best shoulder-line is that which is slightly widened by flat folds or scarf draperies, as in Patou's lovely frock on the next page. Necks are, on the whole, lower in the front, and backs are less bare. Skirts are as inconsistent as women are reputed to be, for when all the fullness is not concentrated at the back, it may start from the top of the hip-bones and be evenly distributed; in some cases it even starts from a tightly-sashed waist, or it may be so nearly non-existent that it is almost impossible to walk! Seven out of every ten dresses have a train or twin trains, and gorgeous prints, plain or patterned organdies or taffetas, heavy slipper satin, some sequins, lace and chiffon, are all modelled extensively.

*Jodelle's night-blue velvet coat with lantern sleeves and a thrown-back neckline draped across the shoulders.*

*Maggy Rouff's blue dress with fan pleats at back of skirt. The wide-sleeved cowl coat is lined with ermine.*

*Marcel Rochas's befrilled restaurant or garden-party frock in deep blue organdie patterned with red and white.*

*Worth's dinner-dress of black moiré with tucked sleeves and gold chains.*

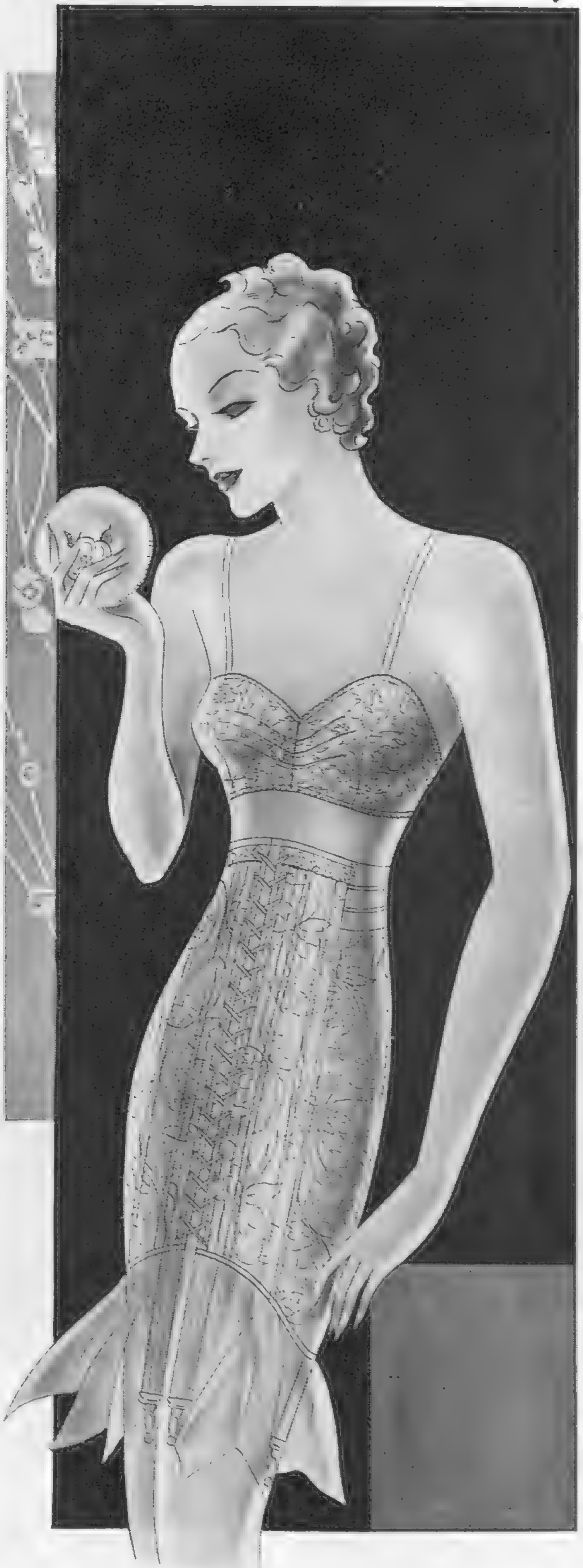
## MAGGY ROUFF'S RUCHINGS

*Maggy Rouff's lively and original silhouette is shown in this navy-blue woollen coat with shaped taffeta ruchings giving the impression of imminent flight. It is worn with a white dress which has an interesting skirt. Incidentally, this is a colour-combination which is very popular.*

## PATOU'S FLAT FOLDS

*Patou plays with the idea of higher waistlines on some of his evening frocks. In this classically simple dress of orange crêpe he marks this line with tucks across the front. The flat folds at the neck, the partly covered back, and the twin trains are important points in his collection.*

# The GOSSARD Line of Beauty



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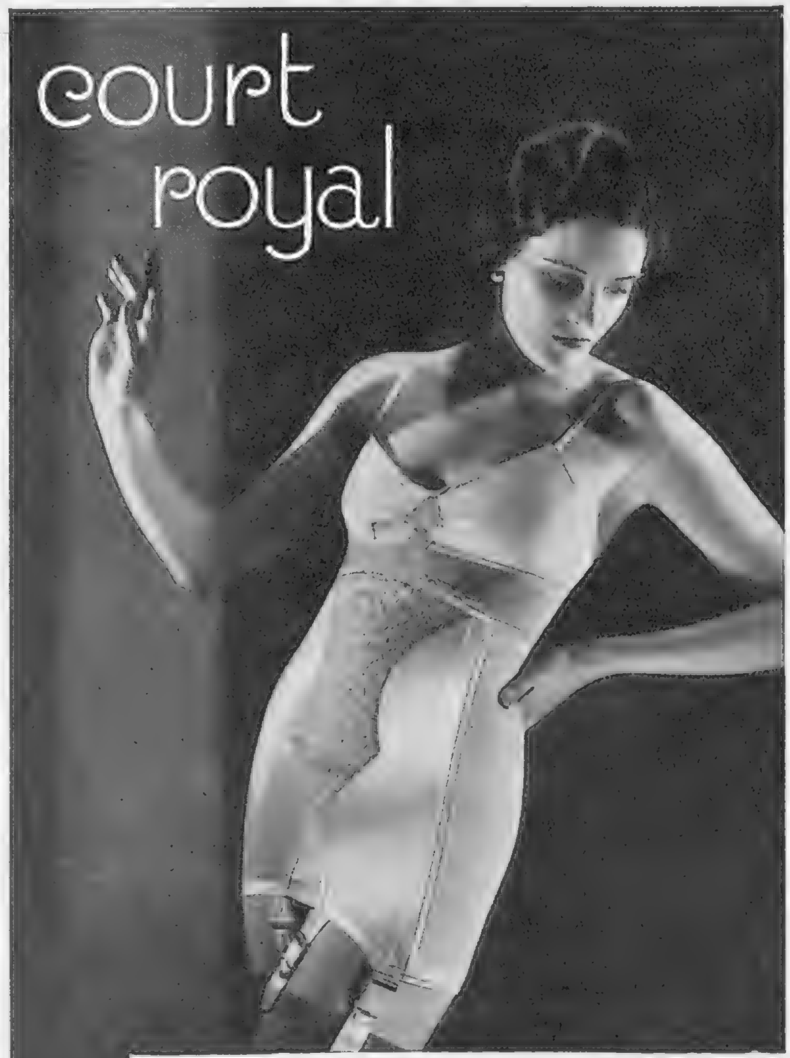


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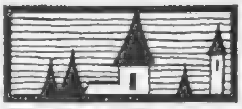

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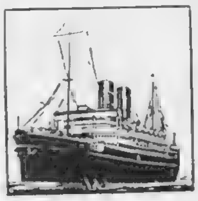

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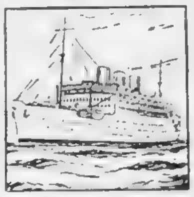

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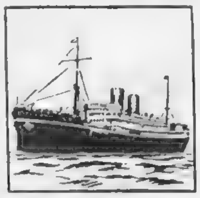

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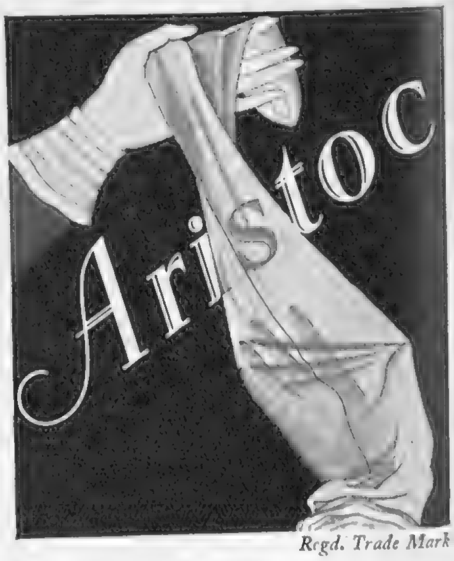


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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—*(Continued from Page 438.)*

Some of the stories, however, are excellent. "A Day's Wait" could hardly be bettered. And how boring, and yet how funny, is the dialogue in the third section of "Homage to Switzerland"! Mr. Hemingway is the most economical of writers; with a couple of words he can surprise us into tears or laughter. But one wishes that his characters were not so often under the influence of drink or some strong emotion akin to drunkenness: it gives his work an undertone of hysteria, and makes it feverish and a little shrill.

**"12.30 from Croydon."** Few of the objections usually brought against detective stories can be levelled at the work of Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts, certainly not against "12.30 from Croydon," his latest story. The method of the murders, though ingenious, is perfectly possible; the motives are adequate; the characters, though not all equally life-like, are all well drawn. Andrew, the first of Charles Swinburn's victims, is the most, and Una, whom he hoped to marry, the least successful. Una is rude, casual, and inconsiderate, even for a young girl in a modern novel; it is hard to see why Charles was so much in love with her, and prepared to take other people's lives, and risk his own, to win her. But Andrew Crowther, a sarcastic, ironic, tight-fisted old man, is drawn with real subtlety. Several people besides Charles cherished expectations from him; no one could have had much affection for him, and, little as one approves of murder, one must agree with Charles that, if it had to be committed, his uncle was a very suitable subject.

I have no scruples in "giving away" the secret of the murders, because Mr. Crofts makes no attempt to conceal it. "12.30 from Croydon" is an "inverted" detective-story, told in a straightforward fashion. We know as much of the way the crimes were committed as Charles knew; the only important fact withheld from us (and Charles himself did not notice it in the excitement of spilling the wine and changing the medicine-bottles) is the existence of a buttery-hatch in Mr. Crowther's dining-room. . . . But Inspector French would no doubt have solved the mystery without the butler's hint. In the simplest manner possible, he cleared up a problem that seemed insoluble: how and where and when Charles had possessed himself of the poison. The efforts of the defence to discredit the chemist's identification of Charles very nearly succeeded. How good the trial scene is! I have seldom read a better in any novel. But I was sorry to see so little of Inspector French. This most amiable and modest of detectives remains behind the scenes nearly all the time. The case gained him promotion, and well he deserved it.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

First Childhood. By Lord Berners. *(Constable; 8s. 6d.)*
Winner Take Nothing. By Ernest Hemingway. *(Cape; 7s. 6d.)*
12.30 from Croydon. By Freeman Wills Crofts. *(Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)*

### PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket.) 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—Historical play. John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

### PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.

"HERE'S HOW" (Saville). 8.15.—George Robey and June. Excellent dancing. U.S.A. humour.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" (Coliseum). 8.15.—Gorgeous Asiatic spectacle on a triple revolving stage.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30.—Leslie Hensonic farce with music.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—James Bridie's clever play of heredity. Brilliant acting.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Printemps and Noel—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

"YOURS SINCERELY" (Daly's). 8.15.—A revue with some wit and some dancing. Louise Browne, Billy Caryll.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero of some exciting incidents.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with Dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*

### FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LIEBELEI" (Academy Cinema).—A fine screen version of Schnitzler's famous play.

"CATHERINE THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in a spectacular slice of Russian history.

"QUEEN CHRISTINA" (Empire).—A rousing historical romance, starring Greta Garbo.

"THUNDER OVER MEXICO" (Polytechnic).—Beauty and power in Eisenstein's American production.

### FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"DUCK SOUP" (Carlton).—The Four Marx Brothers.

"JACK AHOY!" (Tivoli).—Hulbert, A.B., on active service.

"LA RUE SANS NOM" (Rialto).—Fine acting in a realistic French film.

"COUNSELLOR AT LAW" (Capitol).—Fine performance by John Barrymore in screen version of Elmer Rice's play.

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE" (Regal).—Spectacular back-stage comedy starring James Cagney.

"WALTZES FROM VIENNA" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Star cast in a charming adaptation of the stage success.

"THE QUEEN'S AFFAIR" (Plaza).—Anna Neagle in a royal romance.

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(See Page 438.) 7/3/34.

## BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXLV.

### ARE HONOUR TRICKS ESSENTIAL?

THE late William Dalton said that auction bridge was a game of aces and kings. Then contract is a game of aces without kings. But they are not called aces; that would be too easy; they are called HONOUR TRICKS, which is more difficult, and everything affecting contract is made more difficult—that is to say, it is made to appear more difficult! The lives of contract-players are centred round HONOUR tricks; they think of nothing else (I firmly believe they dream of nothing else), and they talk of nothing but their " two-and-a-half " or " one-and-a-half "—honour tricks being understood. No doubt this is as well, for the " one-and-a-half," " two-and-a-half " game keeps the average player tied down to a certain level of safety; but how it comes about that the better players—players with a card-sense and imagination—also tie themselves down to this honour-trick business is a mystery. I can only suppose that it is the possibility of a slam bid eventuating that makes them so faithful to this one-sided bidding stunt. By the way, I have kept a tally of slam bidding during the last week; although three have come through successfully, the *net loss* on the bids is in the neighbourhood of 1000 points! This figure is arrived at by putting on the minus side the penalty points, game points, possible rubber points, and game points won by opponents; the average loss on an unsuccessful slam bid, I find, amounts to 750 points!

However, we were talking about honour tricks. Look at this hand, which was played in a competition the other day—

Spades—None.
Hearts—A, Kn, 9, 8, 7, 6.
Clubs—A, 3, 2.
Diamonds—10, 9, 8, 4.

B

| Y | | Z |
|---|---|---|
| Spades—K, Kn, 8, 6, 4, 2.<br>Hearts—K, 10, 3, 2.<br>Clubs—K.<br>Diamonds—Q, 3. | | Spades—A, Q, 10, 9, 5.<br>Hearts—Q, 5, 4.<br>Clubs—Q, 5, 4.<br>Diamonds—Kn, 2. |

A

Spades—7, 3.
Hearts—None.
Clubs—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
Diamonds—A, K, 7, 6, 5.

At one table, the player sitting in the south, whom I shall call A, bid one diamond; Y passed; B, one heart; Z, one spade. Then A, two clubs; Y, two spades; B, three clubs; Z, three spades. A, five clubs! Y, five spades; B, six clubs. Double. Y led a spade and A made contract. Lucky, without a doubt. At two of the other tables the hands were thrown in: notice nobody held the necessary honour tricks! At the other table the bidding went up to Z, who opened with one spade, and was pushed to five and went three down.

A's opening was correct because—

(1) If AB are to play the hand, it must be played by A, unless B holds outstanding strength in spades and hearts, in which case A's opening bid has done no harm.

(2) An important—possibly game—score should result from the play in clubs or diamonds.

(3) The fact of A opening the bidding may hold YZ down to short of game contract.

(4) Should Y become declarer, B has a safe opening lead.

(5) Even if B has a " bust," A will not come to any serious trouble in diamond or club play.

Note that, although as a rule the longer of two suits should always be bid first, this type of hand is an exception to that rule. Your first bid should be in the suit you wish led; as here, if your partner leads a club, it may be fatal. When the bid passed up to Z, I think he was definitely right to open. Nine times out of ten a partial score, at any rate, would be made.

## SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, FEBRUARY 28.

Across.—3. Ripper. 9. Cut-water. 10. Egret. 11. Stamp. 12. Airtight. 13. Arcadia. 14. Exeat. 17. Iota. 19. Stretcher. 21. Crossbred. 23. Side. 24. Sieve. 26. Moulded. 30. Tallboys. 31. Booby. 32. Tripe. 33. Molasses. 34. Tenner.

Down.—1. Tutor. 2. Staccato. 3. Rapid. 4. Peasantry. 5. Prig. 6. Retreat. 7. Argue. 8. Beheaded. 13. Amices. 15. Thread. 16. Freemason. 18. Ordinary. 20. Hindmost. 22. Sherbet. 25. Eblis. 27. Unbar. 28. Ember. 29. Hymn.

LADY RUGGE-PRICE, Beaucroft, Wimborne, Dorset, was the sender of the correct solution of our Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of Feb. 21 to be first opened on Monday morning, Feb. 26. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

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*William:* "With pleasure. By the way, what odds were you laying against me at the Hastings meeting ?"

*Duggie:* ". . . Er . . . 10—66, I think."

*William:* "Ha ha. You evidently fancied my chances. Well, I romped home quite easily."

*Duggie:* "It certainly was 'one in the eye' for Harold."

*William:* "I wish I had backed my chances with a couple of thousand. I quite intended to."

*Duggie:* "Well, if you intended to that's enough for me. I will give you my cheque right away."

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